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INDEX

Page: 1[illegible]

X-PN 4827

— This paper contains bargains for all! —

Silent Salesman

AN ADVERTISING MAGAZINE.

Gratis [Published Bi-Monthly] Gratis

NO. 2.

August—September. 1928.

PRICELESS.



LONG SHOTS and CLOSE-UPS

OF ALL THE BEST BARGAINS — See Inside.

X-PN 4827

#2

BARGAINS and OFFERS from everywhere! — See Inside!

Silent Salesman

A Bimonthly Advertising Newspaper.

:: Official Organ of HOWE'S Mail Advertising Service ::

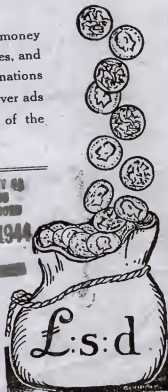
GRATIS. No. 4 January-February, 1929. PRICELESS

This paper is published to bring, offers, money making opportunities, agencies, exchanges, and wants, for sale ads. etc. from nations to nations and promote sincere friendship. Look over ads each issue and grasp your opportunity of the bargains etc. offered.



READ OUR ADS.

THE LIBRARY OF
HOWE'S
MAIL ADVERTISING
APR 29 1944



This paper is given FREE, but if you would like to be certain of getting every issue mailed to you regular you can by sending only 6 pence in penny or 1½d. stamps to pay for postage. This paper will contain money making opportunities for U in future issues!

X-PN 4827

#3

LIBRARY OF
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See Inside!

APR 28 1948

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Silent Salesman

A Bimonthly Advertising Newspaper.

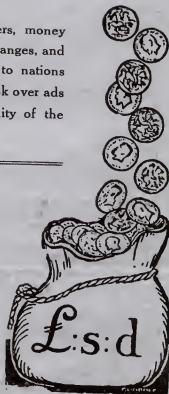
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X-PN 4827

Australia's Only Mail Order Newspaper! :: ISSUED GRATIS.

— THE —

Silent Salesman

A Bi-monthly Advertising Newspaper.

GIVEN FREE — — YOU PAY POSTAGE.

No. 5.

APRIL -- MAY 1929.

PRICELESS.

Advertise! in Sunny Australia.

TO BIG NEW FIELD!

This paper is your best and
most economical way.

Rates: 3d. per word (or 1 cent).

Larger ads. one shilling (25 cents)
per inch.

THE SILENT SALESMAN.

A bright little traveller that
goes all over the world.

OUR AIM.

This paper is published to bring
old and new money-making opportu-
nities, agencies, exchanges, and
wants, for sale, ads., etc., from
nations to nations and promote
sincere friendship. Look over
ads. each issue, and grasp your
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etc., offered.Please put correct postage on your
mail.Send 6d. (12 cents) to pay
postage of this paper 1 year
to you.A cross in this square means
that your sub. has expired.

Please renew!

FREE NOVELTY!
and "POSTAL TIMES" for
unused STAMP, A. EASTON
45. Southside St., Plymouth,
ENGLAND.

HER LUCKY FLUTTER.

Mrs. Muffet was a good old sort,
a comfortable soul. And as she sat
in her cosy drawing room, preparing
for forty winks after her substantial
lunch, the sight of a miserable,
shabby-looking individual furtively
gazing up and down the road
arrested her attention."Poor wretch!" she said, and in
the goodness of her heart extracted
a ten shilling note from her purse,
wrapped it in a piece of paper on
which she had written "Never say
die," and sent her maid to hand it
to the seedy individual."What did he say, Ann?" she in-
quired on the girl's return.

"He only said, 'Right-o!' ma'am."

"Strange!" muttered Mrs. Muffet,
as she sought oblivion.That same night the seedy-looking
one rang the bell."Ere y'are, missus," he said,
pressing £5 10s. on the astonished
old dame. "'Never Say Die' won
at 10 to 1, and you were the only
one as back it. 'Appy to oblige any
time, lady!"

Sports & Hobbies

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For Swappers, Collectors, Sportsman

SEND P. O. MONEY ORDER

50 Cents a Year (2s.)

10 cents a copy (A great paper-Ed.)

Write TO-DAY.

Mention Howe's Advertising

T. G. MAURITZEN Editor,
528 Wall St., Los Angeles,
— United States America —

IMPORTANT!

When writing to advertisers, please
mention this paper. Thanks!

Australia's Only Mail Order Newspaper ! :: ISSUED GRATIS:

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X-PN-4827
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— THE —
Silent Salesman

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GIVEN FREE — — YOU PAY POSTAGE.

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APRIL -- MAY 1929.

PR 28136
PRICELESS.

**Advertise !
in Sunny Australia.**

TO BIG NEW FIELD

This paper is your best and
most economical way.

Rates: 1/4d. per word (or 1 cent).

Larger ads. one shilling (25 cents)
per inch.

THE SILENT SALESMAN.

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#7

Australia's Only Mail Order Newspaper! :: ISSUED GRATIS.

— THE —

Silent Salesman

A Bi-monthly Advertising Newspaper.

GIVEN FREE — — YOU PAY POSTAGE.

No. 6

JULY...AUGUST. 1929.

PRICELESS.

ADVERTISE!

Increase Your Business!

Try this paper
Circulates the world over.

Advertisement Rates:

2s. (50 cents) per inch, or
½d. (1 cent) per word.

LOOK!!

Remittances of 1s. (25 cents) or more MUST be made by Postal Note. Overseas by Money Order. For amounts less than the above unused stamps of your country are accepted.

Send 6d. (12 cents) in stamps to pay postage of this paper to you for next 6 issues.

A cross in this square means that your sub. has expired.
Please renew!

Please put correct postage on your mail.

The boy who took his watch to bits to see why it worked now takes his ear to bits to see why it doesn't.

OUR AIM.

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"I have always maintained," declared Blogg, "that two heads are better than one."

"You'd change your mind," remarked Budd, with a twinkle in his eye, "if you got a touch of neuralgia."

LOOK AT THIS!

The COLLECTORS' MISCELLANY.

Yearly subscription, 1s. 6d.; specimen copy, 3d., or 12 different match brands. Sixteen pages, well illustrated. Each issue of interest to collectors of stamps, coins, books, curios, match brands, etc. Parks, Ivanhoe Press, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks, England.

Mention this paper when answering ads. Thanks.

WANTED—5,000 more readers to this paper.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

X-ON 4827

#8

Australia's Only Mail Order Newspaper! :: ISSUED GRATIS.

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THE Silent Salesman

A Magazine for Spare-time Agents, Mail Order Dealers, Money Makers;
also advertising opportunities for buyer and seller from all parts of the world.

No. 8

FEBRUARY, 1930.

Price 1d (2d posted)

LOOK! ONLY 1/- (25 cents) FOR ONE YEAR.

Yearly subscription is only 1/- (25 cents) to have this paper posted to you every two months. This also includes a BIG MAIL of circulars, magazines, offers from all parts of the world with each issue. Don't miss opportunity! This shilling may mean your fortune!

HOW TO REMIT MONEY.

Remittances over 1/- (25 cents) must be made by postal note (overseas by money order), obtainable at any post office. For amounts less than 1/-, stamps are accepted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertise and increase your income! Our rates are 1d. (1 cent) a word, or 2/- (50 cents) per inch. Cash must accompany all ads.

Read the

THE AUSTRALIAN HOBBYIST.

A journal for collectors and hobbyists. Regular features include: Articles on all branches of Collecting; Photography Section; Amateur Journalism Section; Wizard Page; Exchange Notices; Competitions, etc. Size of page, 12 x 7½ inches. Postal subscription, 1s. 8d. yearly. Editor: Fred. L. Burnett, 37 Victoria Road, Malvern, S.E. 4, Victoria.

When writing to advertisers, please mention this paper. Thanks!

NEATLY PRINTED ENVELOPES.

500 with your name and address.
Post paid, N.Z. or Australia, 11/-.
Cash with order.

CLIFF. HOWE, Railway Terrace,
Alberton East, South Australia.

American Friends!

Please put correct postage on mail to Australia. Thank you!

This paper contains advertisements from all over the world. Read them—don't miss opportunity!

WANTED.—Circulars to mail. I will mail them for 10 cents per 100. Send them at once. I need them very bad for Big Mails.

HENRY HUGHES,
MAILER,

Box 441,

Desloge, Mo.

LOOK AT THIS!

The "Silent Salesman" Magazine
Circulates the world over.

A cross in this square means
that your sub. has expired.

Please renew!

CLIFF HOWE,

—Editor.

Railway Terrace, Alberton East,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

AGENTS WANTED.—Sell our famous packets of 30 mixed, unlicked, Foreign and Colonial stamps. Good commission and wonderful seller. Repeat orders certain. No outlay or expenses whatever.

S. EASTON & CO.,

45 Southside Street, Plymouth City,
England.

Enclose two references and postage
for full particulars.

JOIN AUSTRALIA'S GREAT
INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE
CLUB.

Correspondence Exchange Club.
(Membership, 1/-; B. Empire, 1/6;
U.S.A., 40 cents).

Quarterly Journal Supplied.

K. McCOLL, Secretary,
Greenethorpe, N.S.W., Australia.

X-PN 4827


#12

CIRCULATES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

THE SILENT SALESMAN MAGAZINE.

A LIBRARY OF
CIRCULARS
AND RECORDS
PR 29194

1p (2cENTS)



FOR PEOPLE WHO USE SPARETIME PROFITABLY.
MONEY MAKERS, AGENTS, AND OPPORTUNITY SEEKERS. SERVICE & SPEED.

No 9

MAY and JUNE, 1930

(2d. or 4c. posted)

LOOK! ONLY 1/- (25 cents) FOR ONE YEAR.

A Magazine for Spare-time Agents, Mail Order Dealers, Money Makers; also advertising opportunities for buyer and seller from all parts of the world.

Yearly subscription is only 1/- (25 cents) to have this paper posted to you every two months. This also includes a BIG MAIL of circulars, magazines, offers from all parts of the world with each issue. Don't miss opportunity! This shilling may mean your fortune!

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HOW TO REMIT MONEY.

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Stamp Collectors send 1/- (25c.) To-Day!
Get the Big 100 Bargain Packet of Valuable Stamps for your Collection

CLIFF HOWE, Editor
Railway Terrace, Alberton East, South Australia

X PN 4827

413

CIRCULATES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

THE SILENT SALESMAN MAGAZINE.

FOR PEOPLE WHO USE SPARETIME PROFITABLY.
MONEY MAKERS, AGENTS, AND OPPORTUNITY SEEKERS. "SERVICE & SPEED."

10 (2 CENTS)

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUL 29 1944



PUBLISHED EVERY TWO MONTHS.

No. 10. August, 1930. 2d. (or 4c.) p.sted.



A magazine for Mail Order Dealers, Agents, Stamp Collectors, Hobbyists, Spare-time Money Makers, and all folks interested in reading and correspondence. Circulation to all parts of the world.

MICKEY HAS A WORD!

"Hullo, Everyone!" Come on in and join our merry crowd of subscribers and advertisers. This paper is full of interest, and delights thousands. Helps them to save and make cash, too! Only costs you 1/- (25c.) to join in! See inside.

X-DN 4827

#14


CIRCULATES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

THE SILENT SALESMAN MAGAZINE.

FOR PEOPLE WHO USE SPARETIME PROFITABLY.
MONEY MAKERS, AGENTS, AND OPPORTUNITY SEEKERS. "SERVICE & SPEED."

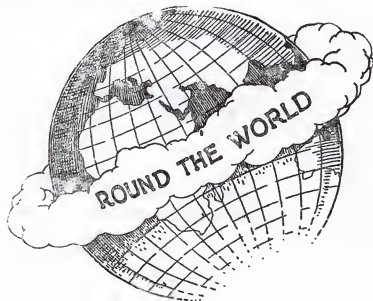
1¢ (2 CENTS)

PR 291944



PUBLISHED EVERY TWO MONTHS.

No. 11 NOVEMBER, 1930. 1/- (25 cents) per year, posted.



"SILENT SALESMAN" is published through the mail to all parts of the world for benefit of Stamp Collectors, Dealers, Hobbyists, Mail Order Agents and those interested in International Correspondence. It is a service journal in which you can advertise your Wants, For Sale, or Exchange Notices to hundreds of countries.

#15


N 48

CIRCULATES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

**THE
SILENT
SALESMAN.
MAGAZINE.**

TO LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS
R 291944

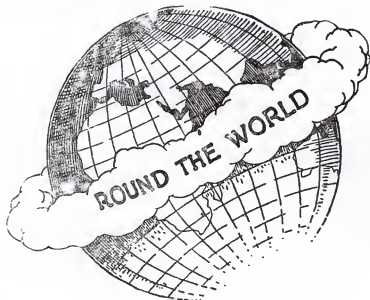
1¢ (2 CENTS)



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: THE SURPRISE :

Volume 1

APRIL, 1933

Number 1

WEATHER OR NO
By ERNEST ADAMSPUB. LIBRARY (N)
CORRESP
SERIALS DEPT

APR 29 1933

WITH what words should one begin a more or less popular dissertation about the weather? The weather is not something which can be traced from a beginning with the germ of an idea, worked out with the help of one employee in a little six by eight room on a back street or an alley, which by virtue of strict application to business to the exclusion of all other considerations, and the determination to manufacture the best product of its kind ever developed, has grown from such small beginnings to a position of world dominance, its annual sales now reaching a figure so large that even to mention it gives one a dizzy feeling. Nor can we say that the weather has reached its present high position, with its name on everybody's tongue, because it has given such universal satisfaction that everyone has come back to ask for more of the same kind as before; hence its use has been growing by leaps and bounds and continues to increase progressively year by year. On the contrary, so nearly as I can discover, there is scarcely anyone who is not willing or even anxious to suggest several improvements in the weather at almost any moment -- changes which in their estimation would make it much more satisfactory and add greatly to its usefulness and charm.

Speaking about the weather -- I believe we were going to speak about the weather, weren't we? -- how in the world can we tell anyone anything about the weather when everybody else knows just as much about it as we do, and perhaps more? The weather is one of those things which every person has a supply of, and all feel on intimate terms with it and consider themselves competent to criticize it. At least, no one seems to have much hesitation, ordinarily, about voicing an opinion about it and speaking authoritatively without having made a special study of it. But I have always had a sort of a symptom of an idea that the weather was one of the afflictions we were born with and could not help, and there did not seem to be much profit in discussing it. At any rate, give me credit for at least one thing in this connection -- I am refraining from repeating Mark Twain's much-misquoted remark on the subject.

X-PN 4827 SWAPPER 2-39

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

The Swapper

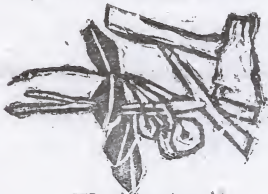
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JUN 28 1945

#7

February 22, 1939

COPY

Issue No. 1



Washington's
Birthday
Issue

X-PN 4827

#18

The Trader's "Pal" Around the Globe

Swappers Digest

For "GOLDEN RULE" Mail Traders and Collectors

R. G. Wilborn, Editor, Box 896, Sta. H, Los Angeles, Calif.

Voyage 1

August Moon, 1939

 THE LIQUOR CO.
 COMMENTS: Per Copy
 GREAT SUCCESS

APR 28 1944

WHITE ELEPHANTS

By R. G. WILBORN

Everyone has some article that he no longer desires or uses. Most of us probably have many such articles stored in the garage or attic. Why not turn these into useful services or items that you really want, but do not have the money to pay for? Regardless of what you have, somebody wants it and has just what you desire. It is easy to contact such parties either by a small advertisement in a swap magazine; by having your "trade list" mailed to swappers; or from reading the various advertisements in the good swap magazines.

Today, more than ever before, people are going back to a trade and barter basis. Even governments are swapping their surplus raw materials, and manufactured products with other countries. There are professional swappers who make a regular living by swapping. Some have swap shops in large cities, others do swapping by mail, many do both.

In California there is a magazine of 8,000 circulation which is published entirely on a swap basis, except for the paper and postage. In Illinois an author on mail order articles trades his writing for ad space in all mail order publications of any importance. This ad space in return, indirectly makes this party a very comfortable living. Nearly all magazines large and small trade ad space with each other. Mail order firms exchange mailing lists and circular mailing. Mailing is exchanged daily for most everything under the sun, from stamped envelopes, advertising space, printing, books and what have you?

Regardless of whether you have swapped by mail or locally, you can get into the fun of this fascinating hobby yourself. Swapping by mail is quicker and more satisfactory in most cases, as you can find the article you are seeking more quickly. Naturally, you are going to have to trust parties with your article; but every line of endeavor has its risks. The rule is the one paying cost of advertisement is to receive the article first. Thus if you insert a swap advertisement, party answering your ad

should send to you first. If you answer a swap ad you would send first.

Of course, the new Swappers Digest, is now working on plans to take most of the risks out of mail order trading with its Golden Rule policy. This will make swapping a far more fascinating hobby than before.

In exchanging by mail there is the cost of shipping, possible damage enroute, wrapping, etc., to consider. Your trade items should be easy to ship, or if heavy, a trade should be made in your local state instead of across the United States, as the express charges would in some cases amount to more than the items are worth. In such cases the best method is for each party to pay the shipping charges on their article and this should be understood before the swap is negotiated.

If you have many items to trade, it will pay you to have a swap list mimeographed on 8 1/2 x 11 paper and this list sent to various swappers. Or, have these lists mailed by a professional mailer to other swappers. In some cases, in order to get exacters.

Many of you will think you have no way or even a four-way trade. Thus on first exchange you trade for something that you do not desire yourself, but know in advance that you can exchange it for

Continued on next page

THIS COUPON IS WORTH 10c IF USED IMMEDIATELY!

SWAPPERS DIGEST.

Box 896 Sta. H, Los Angeles, Calif. U. S. A.
 Gentlemen: I like the sample copy of The Digest sent me with your compliments and I want to take advantage of your special introductory offer for this month only. Am enclosing 15c with this coupon for which send The Digest for 1 whole year.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

OFFER VOID AFTER AUGUST 20, 1939

#19

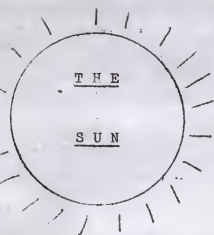
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2 1940

COPY 1 OFF

Formerly THE SOUTHERNER

Published in Florida,
"The Land of Sunshine"



An Amateur Publication

Member of the A.A.P.A.
Onward A.A.P.A!

Volume 1 February-March 1939 Number 3

IN MEMORIAM
By William Groverman

In the passing of Colonel Jacob Ruppert, sports, and baseball in particular, has lost one of its greatest supporters. The Colonel was responsible, probably more so than any other man, for the return of baseball to prominence after the disastrous Black Sox Affair of 1919, which for a time threatened to kill off all interest in the national game. The Colonel made New York the goal of all big leaguers and made it the greatest baseball city in the United States. He was instrumental in bringing Babe Ruth to the Yankees and in building as a home for HIS team one of the largest stadiums in the world. Colonel Ruppert, with Colonel Tamm, whose share in the team he later bought out, took the Yankees and with his millions made them over from a cellar club to a club which at the time of his death so dominated baseball that many have called the 1938 Yankees the greatest team that ever existed.

Colonel Ruppert was heart and soul with the Yankees and at one time was considering giving up his huge beer interests and devoting all of his time to the team, but he had to give up this idea because of the crash in 1929. The story is told of the Colonel that when the Yankees were playing a tight ball game he could be seen leaving the ball park. He wasn't satisfied unless the Bronx Bombers were leading the other team 20-0 and tried to bring the best players he could buy or develop in his minor league holdings to New York so as to make the Yankees a greater team than they ever had been. Nothing was too good for the Colonel, but he was steadfast in his determination that the players on the team get along with his manager as was shown in the departure of Babe Ruth from the Yanks because the Babe could not agree with Manager McCarthy.

The Colonel loved baseball, and baseball will miss him. He had to leave though, and nothing could be done about it. At his deathbed, he called George Herman Ruth by his nickname of Babe for the first time in his life.

Though he has gone, this year the Yankees will be fighting harder than ever before to show the world that they are still carrying on for the Colonel. As the Colonel would wish, let us hope that they will always be out in front.

AMATEUR TALK

By William Groverman, 18 Maryland Avenue, Hempstead, New York

The whole ticket on the recent A.A.P.A. ballot was elected---We were very sorry to hear of the deaths of Clarke Walton and William Clarence ---Yours truly is planning a new hectographed journal, BY HECK, and also will continue THE PRINTER'S DEVIL---The Johnson and Smith novelty company of Detroit, Michigan, has come out with a press and outfit for
(continued on back page)

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PA 4327

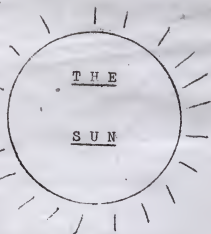
#20

Formerly THE SOUTHERNER

Published in Florida,
"The Land of Sunshine"

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS
UNITED STATES

APR 29 1944



An Amateur Publication

Member of the ALPA
Onward ALPA!

Volume 1

February-March 1939

Number 3

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(Continued on back page)

X-PN 4827

H21

Grant W. Hastie, 3935 Utah Street,
San Diego, Calif., presents the Third
Issue of Volume One of —

THE SAN DIEGO AJAYER

for Oct. Nov. Dec. 1940.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

America's national defense program is a big headache to the dictators of Europe and Asia. Especially that mad man, Adolph Hitler, who has dreams of conquering the United States one day. He now realizes that each day our defenses are becoming stronger and that the Americans are not such fools as he thought them to be when he wrote his book, "MEIN KAMPF". But Hitler still thinks he can conquer the world and is preparing another book, a sequel to "MEIN KAMPF", called "HOW I DID IT".

Many Americans are opposed to conscription because they think it will lead us to war. But I do not agree with them. If we build an army and navy second to none, no nation on earth will dare to attack us. A strong defense is the best assurance of peace. Show a bully that you mean business and he'll have more respect for you.

X-PN 4827

THE LION

#22



Page 1 Vol. 1 No. 12

FEBRUARY 26, 1940

PART OF CITY HALL TO BECOME SCHOOL

The Sherman school will use part of the City Hall for their school beginning today. They will go from 9:30 A.M. to 11:30 A.M. in the morning and from 1:30 to 3:30 P.M. in the afternoon.

When the hurricane damaged the Sherman school cur-

Continued on page 10



THE SWIFTSET NEWS

September, 1940, Wayne, Ind.

FORMER FOOTBALL HERO RUNS FOR SENATOR



George R. Shaw, candidate for State Senator, was one of the best football Stars East High ever had. He was chosen Center on the "ALL-STATE" in 1929 and 1930. We predict another victory for him in the coming elections.

WINS CASH PRIZE



Bob Clark was awarded second prize of \$10 in a limerick contest. Asked what he'd do with the fortune, Bob said it would be used as down payment on a trip to California.

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF
Volume 1 MARCH 1942 CONNUMBER 1
SERIAL REPORT #24
JUN 28 1943

[SWEEPINGS]

INTRODUCTIONS

After planning that this paper would be in the next month's bundle ever since I joined the AAPA, Ye Ed has finally gotten around to doing it.

SWEEPINGS will appear in the bundles as often as I have time. Your criticisms and advice, will be gratefully accepted.

As I am new in the AAPA, I have a lot to learn. Will someone please tell me how I may obtain a Class A charter? — also where can I get an AAPA cut and how much?

I am glad to note that Robert Maney has been appointed as mailer. His top-ranking journal, Pied Type, is excellently printed and represents a lot of work.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

H25

JUN 28 1943

The Silhouette

GIFT

After being ushered into the inner sanctum by "Alf" Babcock I decided to roll up my sleeves and get to work however I found I was wearing short sleeves so I dropped the matter.

Your probably thinking to your selves, how did he find out about Babcock, well it's a long story but I'll tell you if you insist, you don't well I'll tell you any how. My uncle who found out I had a newspaper in Rennerdale sent me some N.A.P.A. papers. Seeing Babcocks name someplace I decided to write him for information, we struck up a regular correspondence and have known each other about a month.

JULY, 1943

X-PN 4827

#26

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Silhouette

Well here I am again once more bringing to you another issue of the SILHOUETTE, which comes to you every other month instead of once a month!

I feel that you'll enjoy reading a paper that has had more time put into it. I don't want to publish a paper just to keep on schedule.

A paper that impresses me is THE FEATHER DUSTER. I don't know when a doctor could find time to contribute such a fine paper to A. J. It certainly is a fine job and while I'm hardly in the position to comment I think every body will agree with me. Keep up the good work "Doc."

October, 1943

X-PN 4827

#27

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

SILVER BEAMS

From Colorado.

B. J. B.

December, 1943

V. B. C.

May We Enter?

Cradled in the heart of the Rockies
The Muse awakened from sweet dreams
To shed upon a darkened world
The Light of Hope from Silver Beams.

—Bessie Jane Bergen.



City Lights

Star-blossoms were spilled from the bosom of Night,
And scattered profusely they lie
Shining and twinkling, almost as bright
As the flowers left in the sky.

—Veda Burnaugh Collins.

10-4442

Printed by Irwin O. Brandt, Greenville, Ohio.

Spring Freshet

When the Dams of the Mind Are Broken -

All that Snacker had to eat was two classes of milk.

"Effect" means "to suffer change." He was effected by his seasickness.

"Aggravate" means "to disturb mentally." Music disturbs me when I am studing.

The climax is a trail, complainant—old Scratch, defendent—Jabez Stone, with Webster consul for the defence.

Every so often a huge rat would run across his path which would make him shutter with fear.

Byam was at at first condemned to death because the evidence was sufficient to prove his innocence.

To all thoughts that are interested let me say . . .

No comma before and to separate to independent clauses both, and also are not necessary.

Old Hoab Dabney became a staunch ant-slave proponent.

There is to many "ands."

She never once aloud Scevola to marry Arlette.

The ideas should be express in the order of assendeng importance.

The pronoun "me" is used only at the end of the end of the sentence.

The adverbs have no modifiers.

The nouns have poor similies and the verb has a faulty reference to the subject.

PM 4027
THE LIBRARY OF
THE CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#29

Silver Dollar

Vol. 1

1901

NET No. 4

TODAY'S WEATHER GUESS

Fair in New York and San Francisco. Continued warm in Europe.

Dave Messinger cleaned his old 22 the other day. There will be no inquest.

Prices taken from a letter smuggled out of Belgium.

Eggs-----\$4.00 a dozen
Butter-----\$4.00 a pound
Coffee-----\$13.00 a pound
Flour-----\$1.50 a pound
Soft Coal-----\$90.00 a ton on black market only.

X-PM 4027

THE LIBRARY OF
THE CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#30

THE SWORD

Spring 1904

NET

As an introduction, I wish to say that the work done on THE SWORD was accomplished with the means of a 3 x 5 Kelsey Press and equipment. The type in the body of THE SWORD is 10 point Roman.

Previously, I have looked over the bundles of the American Amateur Press Association and they were very good. Some of them were small however. This could be remedied it seems, because it doesn't take long to publish a circular. So if more members get energetic we can make our bundles better.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF

#31

The Silver Dollar

Volume 1

JUN 2 Number 3

THE BUNDLE

ALL papers were very good, but I especially liked The Chimes, The Texican, and all the rest. I would like to read the o.o. again sometime.

Ye editor has a new used 5 x 8 press. I also have a few used fonts of type for sale cheap, including one new font of 12 point Copperplate Gothic bold no. 3.

Write for details.

The Silver Dollar

Published monthly for the AAPA by:

George's Print Shop, 2745 York St., Denver 5, Colorado

Eat it up --- Wear it out ---

Make it do --- Do without!



X-PN 4827

#32

THE SWORD

SUMMER

1946

We re-appear and it's fun...
 enjoyed the July bundle...Welcome,
 people, to the bundle... 'Tis close to the Fall of the
 year, and election time is here...It looks as if the political
 fire will burn some of the member's
 fingers if they don't watch out. Don't forget
 the Anniversary bundle in Sept.,

X-PN 4827

#33

The Sword

SEPT. 1946

NO. 8

AAPA ANNIVERSARY

I, as others, look ahead for the Aapa in the coming years and hope to see the publications improve in quantity and quality. I hope that the Aapa will develop and continue in a fraternal spirit this coming year to the point that we can forget the bickering and sniping of the past.

Since I belong to all three major associations, I look forward particularly to *The Sword*. Even though I know that it is a small voice in a large crowd my purpose is to make it be heard. Many will never see it, or notice it, but many have already and have extended that handshake of Fraternism. But to all I say: LET'S GO FORWARD!

PN4827

#34

The Sword

Supplement to Sept. 1946 NO. 9

POSTAL BYLINES—Received Alf's Cat 62; Card from "cue ball" Keffer; Ed Harler wrote and asked how long I had been in Aapa; Got congrats from John Shear on Sword 7; Uapa convention notice; R. N. Tay wrote and said she had not received Aug. bundle; Stan Weber inquired 'bout my 8 by 5; Martin Keffer commented on no. 8 Sword; Alf Babcock says my name Rolfe is distinctive, don't know about that Alf; Ed Harler says to send more copies of The Sword to Napa next time; New Jersey Amateur was late, but arrived; Betsy Dunn of Wytheville, Va. says she likes my Sword, even tho' she's not an AJer How about my recruiting you, Bets? Card from Don Wible; Rich Carson (Con't. last page)

X-PN 4827

#35

THE SWORD

OCT. 1946

NO. 10

DREAM WIND

I can hear a rapture
 A voice that sings a song
 That brings the vision of an angel
 As the breezes murmur along.

The gusts that bring me kisses
 From one whose lips are true
 I pray I'm the one she misses
 For darling, I do love you.

And may the winds ever murmur
 And my kisses to the breezes
 are thrown

And may they safely carry them
 To my heart's love alone.

—J. R. Cattleman

#36
X-PN 4827
THE SWORD

NUMBER 11 NOVEMBER 1946

Amateur Journalism is no idle fancy or a living entirely within one's own thoughts, but is a combination of imaginations, dreams, talents, joys, and a sense of worldly beauties into tangible artistic form for the enjoyment of others that may have the same faculties to a greater or lesser degree.

So we see that true Amateur Journalism is a builder—not that it would aspire for some great achievement all at once, but in its continued practice it shows us where our faults lie; and through recognizing them we might improve ourselves so that we do achieve great heights in the love of our hobby and the satisfaction of our artistic senses.

X-PN 4827

The Sword

PSALM

The beaded dew is bright
Upon the spider's net.
The tranquil sky is light
With joyous dawn. The fret
Of little winds is gay
Across the hills. The psalm
Of life is full. The day
Is clear and deeply calm.

— Richard B. Dunlop

X-PN 4827 #37
THE SWORD DECEMBER 46
NUMBER 12

A RESIGNATION—It seems as if the recent resignation of George Kay from the position of AAPA Mailer has added to the continuance of a whole string of his resignations. It makes one wonder at his actions, or why it is that he would run for office and then resign immediately after being installed. It also makes one wonder whether or not he was conducting a private popularity poll in the AAPA.

He has stated that he resigned because he had not the time to fill the duties of his office to a correct medium of efficiency. I believe that he should have anticipated this, for I am sure that the members who supported Kay feel "let down." This resignation with his others should certainly be marked for future reference, should George Kay run for office again.

X-PN 4827 #39
THE SWORD

FEB. 1947

NO. 14

PATROL

In purple dusk to golden dawn
I fly in skies fresh and unknown
To explore the archways of heavens
For the moment seeming my own.

Not forgetting that lowly I
Am in the hand of God and He
Watching me on silver wings,
Guarding me o'er the endless sea.

And flying to stars and clouds
While others far—in the land of Nod
Pray for me on my flashing wings
In my rendezvous with God.

—J. R. Castleman
(Reprinted by request)

X-PN 4827
THE SWORD

#40

APR. 1947

NO. 16

ABOUT US

As a result of quite a few inquiries concerning the publication of *The Sword* I have decided to dispense with the usual copy this issue and let you in on a sidelight or two involving the Journal and myself.

A good problem is copy, and is the worry of any publisher to find something to write about, or find someone to write something for him. Like anyone else, I am human in most respects except for the fact that I am an amateur journalist. You would be surprised how this fact impedes the preparation of copy of an amateur for other amateurs. Sometimes I get ro-

X-PN 4027
THE SWORD

#41

September 1947

Number 17

OUR RETURN

We resume publication after an absence of some five months or so. During this interval of issues, your editor was occupied with various activities totally foreign to that of studying schoolbooks.

The Summer was divided into two portions, more or less. The first portion was that part in which I was busily engaged in being a "hack" driver. Possibly the Yellow Cab Company of Roanoke would not appreciate my mention of them as being estranged from schoolbooks, but then perhaps I could make it up to them by saying that the drivers there afforded pleasant company in the odd hours, perning our occupation.

X-PN 4827.

Castleman's

#42

The Sword --- Number Thirteen



January 1947

X-PN 4827

THE SWORD

#42

January 1948

Number 19

REPORT ON BUNDLES

After a long time the National bundle appeared in December. Its arrival brought that old trite expression to mind: "Long time no see, but then that has been explained by the fact that mailer trouble existed."

The gem in the bundle was *Impressions*, a journal that is excellent in content and printing. It has been long gone from the mailings, but we hope to see its appearance a little more frequently.

Camel 2 bounces back in with something of a sensation in its color work. Other impressive journals in the bundle were *Another Scrib*, and the *Southern Californian*. *Scrib* continues to

X-PN 4827

THE SWORD

#46

April 1948

Number 22

A FEW VIEWS

The National bundle noticed another *Camel*. Emory Moore must really capture the spirit of amateur journalism for his papers certainly show it. One other paper *Impressions of Letters* particularly impressed me. This journal shows great promise with its Garmond face and I hope that it appears in the bundle often.

The American had a good representation of printed papers this time, with 19 out of the total 21. The official organ seemed to be getting the "new

X-PN 4827

THE SWORD

#44

February 1948

Number 20

A COMMENT OR TWO

Some people have a peculiar idea about the "thumbnail" journal. This issue contains over eleven hundred words, which is more than the average word content of 4 page 6 by 7 journals I have seen. I must point out that it is not the size that counts at all, but it's the use to which the type is put and how a paper is made up, that determines the wordage and by it so-called adequate activity. It would be well for some, in their complaining, to notice facts as these, so that their rumblings will belong to persons that know what they are talking about, rather than relying on conjecture entirely. Activity is not set by the debate journals, but your bees does it for you.

X-PN 4827

THE SWORD

#47

May-June 1948

No. 23

ABOUT POLITICS

As we go to press on the final pages no word has been received on the outcome of the National convention. It seems as if the political battles have bogged down to general dissents.

This also can be applied to the American in that only a few candidates have filed for office, only two have filed for the official editor's job, while the rest of the offices either have just one filing for the position or none. No candidate for Treasurer has shown up, and the fifth director's place is also vacant. It would seem as if we would have enough

X-PN 4827

THE SWORD

#45

March 1948

Number 21

LOOKING AROUND

In winding up this publication for this issue, only the National bundle has been received for February. The bundle was excellent as far as weight is concerned, but in looking through the bundle I could not find many publications that were concerned much with essay affairs. Perhaps next bundle some will think to comment on some aspect of the hobby. As it is, it is pretty hard for me to tell whether anything has happened or not in the hobby for the past few months.

In making long press runs I have found that a radio is a great aid. If you had press runs monotonous, then install a radio to help you pass the time.

60 SECONDS

NO. THREE ♦ SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN FORTY-EIGHT

Mother Meets the Amateurs

IF you have seen the convention banquet picture you may have wondered who the grey haired lady is at the table in the upper left. That's mother.

Furthermore, I'll say she is the person who most thoroughly enjoyed the annual banquet. For Mother knows all about this amateur journalism business. Not only has she attended four conventions and published a paper of her own, but she has associated with the breed all her adult life.

It all started around 1912. That's when the a.j. bug bit me. Then followed the purchase of a printing outfit, the publishing of my first paper, *The Beginner*, my departure for the 1914 United convention in Columbus, and the organizing of a club in Toledo, Ohio.

Mother has good reason to remember a.j., for I took over the room that was intended for

X-PN 4827

#49

THE SWORD

June 1949

No. 24

COLOPHON

The Colophon can come first. In this case, it is for the benefit of those that might be too lazy to read through the rest of the issue.

In this case the Sword was printed during a slack period from June 15 to 19. Run two pages at a time 625 copies of this journal are in circulation to the bundles of the American and National Amateur Press Associations.

A 5 by 8 handpress was utilized for the presswork on this issue of the Sword as on past issues. Handset in 8 pt. Century Roman by J. Rolfe Castleman, Box 427, Blackburg, Va.

X-PN 4827

#50

THE SWORD

July 1949

No. 25

UAPA CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT

There are many discrepancies in the article entitled: "Rape of Our Convention Dates" written by Charles Heins in the July Froenix. On account of them there is much balldyhoos in the bundles. Simple facts were given quite a maltreatment, particularly in the statement that the AAPA "have no constitutional authority for a convention."

Talking about priority rights for convention dates, I would like to ask about the United Alumni reunion held in Los Angeles July 3, 1943 at the same time the NAPA convention was opening in Columbus, Ohio. It was a rather

60 SECONDS

NO FOUR * SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN FORTY-NINE

Vondy Speaks on Co-operation

THROUGH LONG association with amateur journalists Edna Hyde McDonald—familiarily known as "Vondy" to most amateurs—is able to call the turn on this hobby of ours in an easy-to-understand manner.

We wanted a greeting for our first annual Southern California Amateur Press Club banquet, which was held in conjunction with the local Fossils on the last Saturday of April, and asked Vondy to write it. As it was addressed to the writer and read by him at the banquet, he kiped it for further comment.

We won't quote the entire message, but here are a few pertinent paragraphs:

"Amateur journalism has its declines as well as its aspirations. You and I have lived through some of them and do we know, brother, do we know! But it always comes up again and carries on in one way or another and, somehow, those of us who stick by it never seem to fade out of each other's sight for very long. It may be a year and it may be 20 years between the intervals of our meetings, but when we do get together it is always as if we said au revoir only yesterday.

"We hear a great deal about co-operation these days.

SYCAMORE

Vol. I

Summer, 1952

No. I

WORDS

Words,--what are words? Jewels strung
On the chain of thought,
Shining facets caught
In flaming fire, wrought
To give the soul a tongue.

Words,--of joy or despair,--
On one face alone
Of the faceted stone
Is the singer shown;--
On the rest ? Your self is there!

Sophie S. Walbert

TO MY ROSE

When I look on a rose, you're always there,
Its fragrance brings again a loved refrain;
I fondly touch each petal red and rare,
And feel once more a mingled joy and pain:
Each thorn's a kiss when fond hearts part,--
Ah! Rose, my rose, I have you in my heart!

Ella M. Cunningham

SUMMER NIGHTS
(A Quintette)

The fireflies in
the waning dusk
bring a lantern on the
wing, to cheer folks to see
the glamour of the night!

Ella M. Cunningham

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

HILDA K. KARRE, EDITOR
Rt. 3 Box 100E
GOLDEN, COLORADO

***** - *****

MARCH 1952

A
U.A.P.A.
PUBLICATION

"WITH COMMENTS FROM ALL"

***** - *****

THE YOUNG IN HEART

A few words jotted down in my memory scrapbook- I haven't recorded who wrote them- say:

Blessed is it to be alive,
Heaven to be young!

Wonderment over this thought and pondering over the question of what it really meant to be young, possibly was the motive causing me to clip and paste these words below it:

YOU ARE As young as your faith-
As old as your doubts.

From this last- and I can't help but feel it was springtime inspired- I have formed a few ideas to aid us in capturing a youthful feeling. The young seldom worry- for long. Worry is one of the most popular forms of doubt, so let's try to eliminate that from our lives first of all.

Then, let's live from day to day as if it were our last, packing all the joy and good cheer, good deeds, kind words, and as many "I'll do it tomorrow" tasks as we can into our daily routine. This can help a lot to eliminate even the first obstacle, worry, from destroying our youth.

Never have any doubt that tomorrow will be another lovely day. If it rains, what of it? Do the things you couldn't do on another SUNNY day even if it is only to open an umbrella and go for a walk or catch a tubful of rain-soft water to give those special articles, woolems, a treat of washing and airing on the next sunny day.

You may be fairly young or middle aged and not be too socially inclined or indulge in activities that could or would encourage feeling youthful. Their constant attendance may, instead, weigh you down with heavy responsibility without fully compensating you satisfactorily.

If this be the case why not trade a few of these duties for one good act that will do much to keep you young.

Have you ever thought of visiting a childrens' hospital or ward and reading to some of its patients? A re-reading of some of the childrens classics or simply the well known nursery rhymes to the younger ones, is a privilege to do or observe - surely rewardable in Heaven.

The rapt attention, the grateful looks and anticipation with wide eyed wonderment throughout, are equal to the "pin-drop" silence offered the most celebrated artist. And when you're through and heading home-ard, try and put into words and compare the sense of accomplishment all you ever wanted of other activities anyway) with the few surrendered hours exchanged for the same. The different feeling is attributed to youth.

So you're a much older person and somewhat of a recluse? You are not able to get about much. Your town or village hasn't the aforementioned opportunities. Neither are you the type that can benefit

(OVER)



STEPPING STONES

NOVEMBER
1952

VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 1

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

AMEBEL L. BOLT, EDITOR 74 STONE ROAD BELMONT 78, MASS.

CANINE THANK YOU

Upon receiving his meals
And enjoying them with zest,
My dog comes straightway to me,
As would a well-bred guest
In tender thanks.

His true eyes gleam,
And each one holds a star;
A gentle nudge - his gratitude goes far.
He does not set a day at the year's end
Nor trust to one thanksgiving-time, my friend!

--

**

NEWS-SHEET SERVICE

Because I know that Frost, the thief,
Comes by on stealthy shoes...
I'll cover up the dahlias,
Forgo the Daily News!

I'll hood them in like any monk,
Who is devout in prayer...
And should the day be kind, the wind,
Can make it his affair!

* - *

**

*

WITH MEAT SKY HIGH

I used to think warmed-over meats
were 'orful!

"Pot-luck!" my Marm would chime
on laundry day...

Ungrateful brat, to have scorned
all that feasting,

(Great guns! to think that I
can drool this way!)

* - *

**

*

NEWSBOY FLING

With deft fingers
He rolls the paper
And flings it

Across the lawn...
"On location" it becomes
A dunce-cap
For the shrubs to wear!

* - *

**

*

TO BE MEEK IS WISE

The lone maple stood,
The intruder among haughty
poplars...
But in the Fall they bowed,
To light their dusty torches..
By her flame!

* - *

**

*

CHARITY OBSERVES

The idle garment on the rack,
"Too good to give"...she slides it back
At least the moth shows some good taste
It puts to use, what she would waste!

POETRY BROADCAST

JUN 1 1960



Volume 1, Number 1

The Editors

Volume 1, Number 1

Editor: Robert H. Woodward
Editorial Board: [illegible]
Editorial Board: [illegible]

ON THE BROADSIDE OF THE NIGHT
 THE STARK, METALLIC WOMB WINGS SLIGHTLY
 INTO THE STARLESS NIGHT. SOMEWHERE AHEAD
 UNMARKABLE IN AMNIOTIC SEA,
 AWAILS THE DESTINED PLACE WHERE FRAGILE EMBRYO
 WILL NOT WITHSTAND THE FORCE OF EMBRYO!
 IN SPACE, WILL BREAK, AND DANGLE USELESSLY
 AGAINST THE HOLLOW SHELL. YET DOES HE KNOW,
 UNBORN, THOUGH BORN IN AIR, HOW HELPLESSLY
 ADRIPT IN TIME, WILL HE MAKE THAT DESCENT.
 THESE WILL BE HIS: THE BLINDING BLACK BELOW,
 THE RUSH OF SOUND, THE STUNNING SHOCK--THE RUSH
 OF CORD, THE SUDDEN TASTE OF FEAR--THEN SLOW,
 SUSPENDED ECSTASY OF LOOMING CARTH.
 TO MARK THE FINAL MOMENT OF REBIRTH.

And infant man inflates his vital space

NIGHT JUMP

The stark, metallic womb wings slightly
 Into the starless night. Somewhere ahead
 Unmarkable in amniotic sea,
 Awaits the destined place where fragile embryo
 Will not withstand the force of embryo!
 In space, will break, and dangle uselessly
 Against the hollow shell. Yet does he know,
 Unborn, though borne in air, how helplessly
 Adrift in time, will he make that descent.
 These will be his: the blinding black below,
 The rush of sound, the stunning shock--the rush
 Of cord, the sudden taste of fear--then slow,
 Suspended ecstasy of looming earth.
 To mark the final moment of rebirth.

POETRY BROADSIDE is published occa-
 sionally by Robert H. Woodward,
 1525 Willowgate Drive, San Jose
 CA, California. UAPA Publication.

SPECIAL IN MEMORIAM ISSUE

For G. EDWARD LIND
(who left this life on May 5, 1960)

Published by - Merlin F. Teed, 8007 - Third Avenue, Brooklyn 9, N.Y., for special distribution to members of the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, AND NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

With a deep sense of personal loss, for a man whom I knew only from his frequent letters and his writings, I am preparing this special "in memoriam" issue in memory of G. EDWARD LIND. Eddie Lind's writings appeared frequently in the pages of "Magic" and were enjoyed by his many friends. Too late though is this last bouquet because the man who would have enjoyed it most is no longer with us. -- M. F. Teed

Chicago Sun-Times, Fri., May 6, 1960 -- G. E. LIND DEAD: EX-EDITOR, WRITER

G. Edward Lind, 82, former newspaperman and prolific letters-to-the editor writer, was found dead Thursday in his room at the Genesee Hotel, 207 Clayton, Waukegan. He apparently had suffered a heart attack. A bachelor, Mr. Lind was a permanent resident of the hotel. He retired about 12 years ago as a ward attendant at Downey Veterans Hospital.

EDITED 2 PAPERS

In the 1930s, Mr. Lind was editor and publisher of two community newspapers serving the Northwest Side of Chicago, the Leyden News and the Lind Press. In recent years, his name was known to hundreds of thousands of readers through the letters he contributed to many newspapers including the "Opinion of the People" column in The Sun-Times. A pensioner, Mr. Lind was an avid motion picture fan. But he once confided that he seldom had a chance to attend a movie because he expended most of his extra spending money on postage. His letters went to newspapers throughout the United States and overseas as well.

CHOSE MANY TOPICS

At The Sun-Times, a letter was received from Mr. Lind almost every day, and a good many of them found their way into print. His topics ranged from summit meetings to the first robin of spring. His good-humored anecdotes made many people laugh. His timely epigrams often offered thought-provoking insights into national and international problems.

Survivors include three nephews, Harold, Charles, and Clark Lind; two nieces, Charlotte Lind and Mrs. Ruth Zavaacki, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Lind. Services were being arranged. The body was taken to the chapel at 408 N. Sheridan in Waukegan.

May 7, 1960

Merlin,

Note the enclosed and please return. I feel I have known this man for years, though I only started corresponding with him last Dec. It was through him that I came to get your MAGIC, and other ajay publications. At first he struck me as another cheerful Pollyanna, but as I exchanged letters -- sometimes twice a week -- he proved to have unusual perception and intellectual depth. While he was GOP he never brindled at my New Dealism, and was firm in his belief that Ike should do something about medical aid for the elderly and take a more positive attitude for the little people. Most vox-poppers are tolerated by newspapers for "filler". Lind was respected and honestly well-liked. In this age of tailfin-split level status, a man like him wasn't much to the hurried reader, who turns to the latest quotation on a butcher's dely-boy from Grant's Pass, Ore., to baseball pitcher. Lind wasn't a literary magazine darling; he went to school only to the fifth grade. In a way he was the Eddie Guest reader's kind of editor and commentator. But credit should be given him for keeping the vast ring of ajays going. People who liked to write, who

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE.....

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THE SILHOUETTE

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 3



JUN 1 1960

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

June 1960

THE FINAL WORD

If you have not made up your mind about going to the Convention July 14-17 there isn't much time left for you to do so. The arrangements are being completed for a most interesting and varied program.

The visit to Freedom Land USA on the first afternoon we believe will be so very interesting that it will be extended through the evening. I expected folders of this attraction for enclosure in this Bundle but they did not arrive in time. This attraction opened June 19th and you will be able to read all about it in your newspapers. If you wish a folder, I'll be glad to send you a copy upon arrival. There will be no need to do much walking as there will be all sorts of vehicles to take you around the big area, including rickshaws Motor buses, stage coaches, boats and other conveyances. It is planned to have dinner on the grounds if we stay for the evening.

If we decide that we prefer to spend the evening in town, a tour of Rockefeller Center will be arranged and possibly a TV show. But we believe there'll be more to see at Freedom Land than can be done in one afternoon. All the historic spots

of the U. A. A. from the early days down until the present time. You will see Chicago burn every twenty minutes! San Francisco's Chinatown in 1870; the Pony Express along the Santa Fe Trail; little Old New York; the Northwest Passage; combat scenes from the Civil War; the Lewis and Clark expedition; Mardi Gras at New Orleans, and many others. The site, in the shape of the United States, has 205 acres. Some \$65,000,000 is being spent on the project. There will be actors and attendants, some 2,000 in all - who will be dressed in the costumes of the place and time depicted. What an interesting way to learn U. S. history! You do not want to miss it.

You will have a nice rest on the Friday afternoon boat around Manhattan Island. I have made this interesting trip on two previous visits and am looking forward to making another. It is a MUST for all New York visitors.

You will disregard your diet (?) on Saturday with the annual Memorial luncheon at noon and the banquet in the evening. The afternoon is open for theatre, shopping or just resting.

Then on Sunday we will be the guests of the waitmans at their large summer home on Long Beach. Those who were at the New York Convention in 1956 will remember the sumptuous dinner served by these

#60
PRESIDENTIAL PARAGRAPHS



5 - DEC - 6
COPY 1957

November 1, 1957.

Greetings to all U.A.P.A. members:

Last month we began consideration of "Freedom of the Press", and what it should mean in the realm of "amateur journalism". We found the keynote proclaimed by Voltaire, when he wrote:

"I do not believe a word
that you say; but I will defend to
my death your right to say it."

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P

The true purpose of all journalism has been well-defined by Roy W. Howard, who once said:

"In a great democracy such as ours the outstanding need of the hour is greater information and greater tolerance. Sincere efforts at enlightenment and education by the press are more important than self-appointed leadership."

Through the years an American free press has espoused many worthy causes, and thereby improved the lives and living of our citizenry. On the other hand, a mercenary, or biased, press has sometimes confused an issue, prejudiced the public, inflamed public opinion, and caused premature conviction and execution of innocent suspects. Thus it has been, and can be, a mighty power for good or evil. But, as everyone knows, power without a conscience is dangerous. A gentle rain is beneficent; but a cloudburst can be disastrous. A cooling breeze is comfortable; but a tornado is devastating. Motor vehicles under the irresponsible command of maniacs, and air craft plummeting earthward out of control are dangerous. So, likewise, is a published half-truth; for it may be presenting the wrong half... and with malicious intent. Such is the evil of power without conscience... or conscientious control.

"Words, unspoken, fall back... dead;
But God Himself can't kill them, once they're said."

(CONTINUED)

Presidentially yours,

Wm. Wallace Ellis.

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AUG 15 1962 S

A JOURNAL OF LOCAL AND UNIVERSAL NEWS AND
FICTION.



VOL. I.

FIVE CENTS.

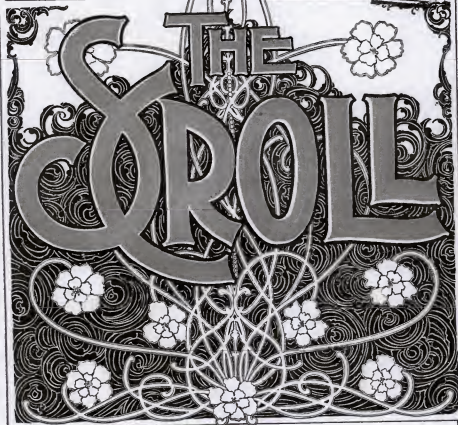
NO. 3.

Vol. III.

JULY NUMBER.

No. 6.

AUG 15 1962
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR
WRITERS & PUBLISHERS



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THE SENATOR AUG 15 1962

A PESSIMISTIC PARTISAN OF PRESCRIPTIVE PRINCIPLES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 1, 1899.

No. 1.

THE SENATOR.

Published at the whim of its editor
"for the cause that lacks assistance
and the good that we can do."

WM. H. GREENFIELD, Editor.
2447 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Twelve numbers of THE SENATOR
will be mailed to any address on re-
ceipt of 15cts; six numbers 10cts; three
numbers 5cts.

VOL. I. MARCH 1, 1899. No. 1.

FOR PRESIDENT.

HARRIS REED, JR.,

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
August 1899.

THE SENATOR'S S. I. N. C. T. U. M.

To start on any new line demands
careful consideration, thoughtful pre-
paration, and judicious management.
To be successful there must be liberal
views, plain statements of truth, and
honest effort to help others as well as
ourselves. This is one side, but we
must have the co-operation of all the
forces that lie on the other side. The
work we propose will doubtless help
us, not financially, but as a stimulus
to our thoughts, and an assistant to
our activities. We only regret that
our finances are inadequate for the
regular publication of THE SENATOR,
but cherish a lingering hope that,
sometime in the dim, imprevisions fu-
ture, we will be enabled to send forth
THE SENATOR regularly every month.
In promulgating our views on various
topics and people, we will pursue with-
out deflection an unprejudiced and

impartial course, and THE SENATOR
will never "rise to remark" unless it
has something worth the saying.

* * *

Just now there appears to be a great
anxiety on the part of those outside
to become members of the U. a. p. It
will be remembered that such ama-
teurs (God save the mark! as banjo
players, circular mailers, soap agents
etc., have succeeded time and again
in getting into the U. a. p. just before
elections in time to cast their ballots.
Aside from the fact that their cre-
dentials were of an unsatisfactory na-
ture, they joined ostensibly to partici-
pate actively in amateur affairs; but
now that the sequel has been thrown
upon the canvas, it has been irrefra-
gably proven that the major portion
were "voting dummies." Now there
seems to be another rush for member-
ship, and while this condition of af-
fairs exist, the influx should be care-
fully handled, and special tact and
thoroughness exercised by the creden-
tial committee. They are the ones on
whom rest the responsibility of admit-
ting new members. It is not to be
expected that the members should
know every applicant, and hence im-
plicit confidence should be placed in
the credential committee. Members,
also, cannot be too careful of who they
recommend for membership, for oft-
times their signature carries weight
with the credential committee. It
may seem to some that undue impor-
tance is placed on the credential com-
mittee, but there is the place to watch
to keep the membership pure, and it
is extremely difficult to correct mis-

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AUG 15 1962

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Circulation of this Issue, 1,000 Copies.



Entered at Dowagiac post office as second class matter.

A Journal of Amateur Literature.

VOL. I.

DOWAGIAC, MICH., JANUARY, 1899.

No. 4.

THE EMPEROR'S SECRET.

BY WILLIAM H. GREENFIELD,

Author of "The Last of the Barbets," "The Phantom Face," "The New Napoleon."

PART I.

"YOU ARE A FOOL!"

AT the close of the civil war I, John Champe, found myself without a prospect of following any profession, and partly from that, and partly for other reasons, I became a free-lance. It was sometime after the surrender of Lee that I found myself in Peking, China, just at the time when the Tai-Ping rebellion was at its height. As the uprising gave promise of being something more than a ten-day affair, I applied for a commission in the army of the Emperor. It was during one of my frequent

visits to the Board of War that I met Ivan Bonetski, a free-lance like myself, who once held a Colonel's commission under the Czar. We became close friends in a very short while. Bonetski's insatiable rapacity for stirring adventure and constant change of environment was first appeased. He was sent to join General Wing Cho in the province of Wang-Kwee. I immediately requested the War Board to assign me to the same division for no other reason than to be near my Russian friend, and all unconscious at the time of the fact that General Cho was doing

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DELAYED—NOT DEAD.

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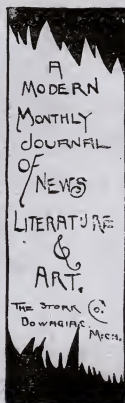
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THE STORK

Vol. I.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 5.



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SHEBOYGAN WEEKLY

SEP-6

"THE WORLD'S SMALLEST NEWSPAPER"

Reproduced on MULTILITH

Edited by - BUSTER HOEFER

Copy 1955

Price \$1.00 a year,----(single copies 5¢)

Vol.4 No.7 SHEBOYGAN, WIS. April 10, 1937.

SPECIAL BIRTHDAY ISSUE: Printed in New York City

EDITOR CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY...

Well, folks, it happened again. The Editor's Birthday is here, on April 10th, just the same as last year,--only this year he isn't eleven yrs old anymore.

In a way, this isn't quite so good, because when you're twelve, you've got to pay MORE for movies and haircuts, & lots of other things. And besides, the teacher expects more out of you when you're older. So there's where I see my trouble will begin, and I suppose the older a person gets, the more trouble he get's into.

Anyway, I'm glad I'm celebrating my birthday again. The only thing I was wishing I'd get as a MULTILITH machine, so I could get ALL my issues out to look as nice as this one.

WHAT'S HAPPENING ABOUT THE ST. LAWRENCE'S WATERWAY PROBLEM

Pretty much hasn't been talked about lately on this subject. But before I go back home to Wisconsin, I'm going to talk this over with Mayor LaGuardia here in New York. This

ought to be important here, just like it is in Wisconsin, because it would mean a lot of shipping. Of course I suppose I really ought to talk this

over with President Roosevelt because he knows more about it, but Mayor LaGuardia is a good friend of the President, so he could tell me something how the people out here feel about this Waterway. I'll tell you what the Mayor says, in my next issue of my newspaper.

THE CHILD LABOR PROBLEM.....

There's a lot in the papers about children working under fourteen years old. Now I say they shouldn't be allowed to. So I hope the President and the Senators will get together with Congress & make a good law.

Speaking about this, the other day when a reporter interviewed me, he said, "Say, Buster, if that law is passed you won't be able to get out your paper, will you?" Well, first I thought it was a foolish question. I stuttered a little, and said, "Say, I never thought of that." Then he sort of giggled around. But I said "Any kind of work that is only once in a while, like my paper, & don't use up your body strength, is different".

"Well, he said, how about your hand-turned press?" Well, there I was stuck, and so we decided to say nothing more about this. *****

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STANDING PAT

NUMBER ONE

CATERPILLARS IN BLACK VELVET

SPRING HAD COME. Busy insects scurried to and fro, gathering supplies for storage. Caterpillars emerged from their protective coverings, now multi-colored butterflies. The life-cycle of all living things, animal, insect, and plant, was beginning anew.

One cocoon remained intact; from thence came forth nothing. Had not this been a strong protection through those long winter months? Why leave it now? Why enter the world to fight for an existence? Here was food enough for another three months. Lie back; take it easy. You can always catch up to the others later, and your colors will be oh, so much prettier than their faded ones.

HER BROTHER WAS now a Harvard law student. It was time for her birth into society, Mother encouraged. This world to which previously she had been but a spectator was to unfold before her eyes.

SIAMESE

Standpipe

When the tube of purple falls
On the painted printshop walls,
Then the wife begins to weep into her tea:
"Now look what you've gone and done;
You're spoiling all my fun.
Why must you do this to me?

"For my color scheme's set—
I'll have shades of purple yet,
Even though you may oppose me. It'll be,
If you print this as I insist,
In violet and amethyst,
The only orchid you've ever given me."

X-PN 4827
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THE SCARLET COCKEREL



A SPASMODICAL AMATEUR PUBLICATION

EDITED & PRINTED BY RALPH BABCOCK

X-PN 4827

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#71

SHANDYGAFF

Number 2—December, 1951

A LETTER TO SANTA

By Louise Lincoln

December, 1951

Dear S. Claus:

I appreciate the fact that you must be very busy making and packing the world's Christmas gifts. I realize, too, what a handicap it must be for you to have to interrupt your work daily in order to make personal appearances in parades and department stores. Naturally, then, I wish to do nothing which would add to your burdens, but I do have one small request to make of you. When you pack your sleigh, please put in a Walrusette for me, if you have the type I would like. Being a modest man, I do not care for the boldface type. Italics would be a little too fragile to do all my laundry and mending. Old English is much too fancy, yet I do feel Roman is rather plain. Perhaps Caslon Oldstyle would be the answer: neat,

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Spectator

Number 19



The Seattle Sun

No. 4 (Whole No. 41).

SEATTLE, WASH.

DECEMBER, 1951

GUINANE TURNS OUT HANDSOME MIMED VOLUME

James Guinane, the mimeographing wizard from Down Under, recently has sent to some of the friends of the late Rheinhardt Kleiner an unusual memorial tribute to Kleiner.

Entitled "R. K." with the sub-title "Rheinhardt Kleiner: A Memoir," it is a book produced by mimeograph in two colors and bound in stiff cloth covers of dark green.

Collector's Item

Wholly produced and bound by Guinane at his home in New Town, Tasmania, the book is a collector's item. American amateurs receiving it can recall nothing to equal it in the artistic use of mimeographing.

It has the same mark of true craftsmanship exhibited in the author's amateur magazine, *Churinga*. Forty-six pages of Guinane's polished prose are divided into nine chapters on various phases of Kleiner's personality and literary output.

Delight to Eye

The Roman numerals heading the chapters and the initial letters, cut by hand on the stencils, appear in crimson, creating pages that are a delight to the eye.

Guinane's appraisal of the book's subject is naturally adulatory in tone and this is also conveyed by the painstaking care and effort taken to clothe the memoir artistically.

Amateur Printers

Cancel Meeting

The October meeting of the Amateur Printers Club, scheduled for Sunday, Oct. 7 at the home of Harold and Hazel Segal in Philadelphia, was cancelled because of the sudden illness of the hostess.

The Boys Herald To Appear Again

N. A. P. A. CHIEF



Commander Victor A. Moiret, U. S. N., president of the National Amateur Press Association, snapped at the convention banquet in Philadelphia in July.

Lindberg Telling World About A. J.

Roy Lindberg, energetic publisher of *The New Estate*, is telling the world about Amateur Journalism. As publicity director of the N. A. P. A., Roy is setting an unprecedented record in placing newspaper stories about the hobby and the association.

Official Editor Alf Babcock was publicized in stories appearing in two New Jersey dailies. Lindberg induced the Cranford paper to feature Alf and his activities on the front page, while *The Elizabeth Daily Journal* ran a three-column cut of Alf in a five-column spread.

With one of Lindberg's releases the Bloomfield, N. J. paper played up Dick Branch to the tune of 28 column inches, with a cut, the story starting

(Continued on Page 2)

Ohioan to Revive Edwin Hadley Smith Paper

One of Amateurdom's all-time famous papers is to be revived. With the consent of Mrs. Nita Gerner Smith, Wilfried Myers of Struthers, O. is to take over *The Boys Herald*, for many years published by the late Edwin Hadley Smith.

William H. Groveman, who was to have assumed the editorship of the paper upon his return from war service overseas, has agreed to this arrangement.

Given Masthead Cuts

Mrs. Smith had turned over to Groveman the logotypes of the familiar *Boys Herald* masthead. He has returned these on finding he would not be able to carry on the Smith traditions.

Myers operates the Square Deal Printery in Struthers and also has been a teacher of journalism. He first wrote to Mrs. Smith in 1945 on the possibility of becoming publisher of *The Boys Herald*. But at that time Groveman had first call.

Quality Paper Goal

"I'm thinking of trying to start an amateur boys' paper that will be a sample of quality material and quality printing plus reversion to the shades of Oliver Optic, Alger, etc.," he wrote to Groveman.

"I hate to start a new tradition with Volume 1, Number 1. I'd like to have something from the old to combine with the new. That heading of *The Boys Herald* has always intrigued me even from the days when Edwin Hadley Smith had it."

It is not known how soon

SEATTLE AMATEUR

March 1952

A CO-OPERATIVE HOBBY JOURNAL

Vol. 49, No. 2



HISTORY



BY C. F. NOEL

[[H. G. WELLS in his book, "The Outline of History," tells that the study of the past should be a more comprehensive review of the growth of man. That we should show the underlying causes for things from the stone age to modern times. Students of renown and science asserts that the Earth, while a young planet, is over two billion years old and that man has been on this planet for over two hundred thousand years. Many great races in the past have inhabited the Earth and many civilizations have come and then disappeared. The first great root race we know of are the Polarian or Admatic races. Spoken very briefly in the Bible as Adam. The second great root race were the Hyborean people. The Lemurians or third race has had considerable written about them. They inhabited a vast continent in the Pacific area. Easter and other islands contain gigantic witnesses to their artistic and mechanical skill. The Lemurians were of great stature and physical power. The Tertiary age witnessed the destruction of the Lemurian continent and it disappeared beneath the sea and only a few islands remain of this once mighty land. The fourth great root race was the Atlanteans who lived in a land called Atlantis and found in the Atlantic area. These people were more cultured and refined than former races. Sub-divisions were the Toltecs, Poseldonians, Sumerians, Akkadians and the Mongolians. Their continent was destroyed toward the close of the Miceocene age. Plato refers to their destruction in his writing. It is referred to in the Bible as the flood. The fifth root race or Aryans likewise developed from the primitive to its time of science and learning. Its sub-divisions are the Indo-Iranic, Assyrians, Ural-Altaic, Italics and the Teutonic race. Their home has been Asia and Europe. The sixth root race the Americans that occupy two great American continents. Our ground is greatly privileged both as to its tremendous natural resources and as to its people as they are the cream of the Asian and European stocks. The seventh and last root race that our Earth will bare will come from a World Federation of all people upon this Earth. The United Nations is the beginning of this last great growth. Now we may ask Why these great root races of men, these great cycles of progress and decay. Man journeys through these ages for experience and has ever battled with the illusions of pride and greed. Many today are already in the promised land of service and brotherhood. "Him that overcometh I will make a Temple in the house of my Lord and he shall go no more out."



CURRENT COMMENT



BY

C. F. NOEL

BEECHER OGDEN writes from New York City: "Note you have started Volume 49 of Seattle Amateur. Congratulations. Suppose you plan to celebrate the half-century."Anthony Moitoret remarked the other day that the professional press had just about priced itself out of existence. The terrific high price of paper and printing labor. The heavy load of bum politics that the average paper must carry. Personally, I would rather get my news brief over the radio and have more

X-PN 4827

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#75

Poetry :: Prose :: Photos

San Francisco Evening Lamp

A Journal of Reflection

This Is No. 3

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

January Issue



Marion Schoeberlein, Ajay Poet

FORGIVENESS

Forgiveness is a ribbon
From that geography,
Christ used a thousand years ago
To trace out Calvary,
A hundred times more cashmere
Than aggravation still,
Loiter icicles in Job psalms,
The kite of patience comes.

—Marion Schoeberlein

STAR-LANES ~~5~~

Final issue as a UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION Publication

March, 1952 - Orma McCormick, 1558 W. Hazelhurst St., Ferndale

SUNDOWN ON PLUTO By Emily A. Thompson

Deep purple shadows tint tall glacier spires,
The pallid sun sinks into eben hills;
Small pinpoint stars, fading like vain desires,
Melt/ghoulish fog that numbs and kills.

into
A Terran starship, lost and lonely here,
Still rears its spectral hull upon your shore,
Never to reach the treasures of your sphere,
The wonders that your caverns hold in store.

Dark sister of the fair and fertile earth -
Siren that charms us only to debase,
Perhaps you curse the star that gave you birth,
And then in fury flung you into space

Where your sepulchral beauty keeps in thrall
The ones who venture at your fatal call.

THIS TRIAL SHALL PASS By Olive Morgan

Though snarled the warp of years ahead may be,
Stern Time, while yet our arras clouds your loom,-
Selects immortal threads with clemency.

Rewind the shuttles fraught with pregnant doom!
They spun the tapestries of vanished sires
Where all of living languished in the tomb,

While thirsty blades excelled the golden lyres,
Until the worth of Terran heritage
Became as dusts of malice-born desires.

This trial shall pass. From this frenetic age,
Cannot acescent brine of countless tears
Absolve a future race from vassalage?

Relent, stern Time! Upon this warp of years
Let weft of dreams transcend our deeds and fears.

SMOKE RINGS

MAY

1952

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

VOL. 2 - A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - NUMBER 11

PAUL STEPPENS, EDITOR

0 - 0

Rt. 1, WALNUT, KANSAS.

THE MULE - (Asinus Missouriensis)

The mule was introduced to the UAPA members through papers in the bundle by Geo.D.Falechek, Belle S.Mooney and Winifred Baker. In justice to these able writers and authorities on mule lore, I will not go into any lengthy discourse on His Hee Haw Lordship's merits or demerits, but merely state in a few sentences, facts about the Missouri Mule as I have noticed through personal observation.

The mule belongs to the animal specie called Solidugula Quadruped-- (fourfoot, single hoof). He has no individual family tree, for he is a hybrid*, and was not created like the horse, camel or cow. He was not in the Ark with Noah. And furthermore he did not originate in Missouri. The first record we have of the mule we find in the Bible, Gen.36-v.24. The shepherd of Ana, who was Esau's father-in-law found a mule colt among the herd of horses and asses. The mule is a cross of a mare and a Jack.

In the old testament days, asses were used as beasts of burden and mules were used as mounts in warfare. Absalom rode a mule when his hair dangled in the oak limb. The only animal ever recorded to speak with human voice was a female mule of Bilean's, a prophet out of Syria. (Num.22, v. 28.)

Lime Stone Farm, Smithton, Mo., was the cradle of the mule Jacks and Jenets, bred by Colonel Louis Monsoes (One winged Dutchman) and won blue ribbons at all big State Fairs, even in California and New York.

The mule was the pioneer builder of railroads and most of our early highways. The author worked in one of the construction camps in the building of the Mophot Road called The Scenic Road, Denver to Salt Lake City.. (1904) I was a mule skinner in a camp constructing a lake dam in Northeastern Colorado. Eastern Colorado was a vast prairie at that time. We were on the road 8 days with 50 wagons. A good mule skinner has to use Steamboat Captain Language to let the mule know who is boss and then he will go through anything but a mudhole for him.

On a ranch at Crescent, Utah, a bronco mare had twin colts - a horse colt and a mule colt, (perhaps the only case of its kind ever recorded). It is of very rare occurrence that a mare mule will breed and have a colt. It happened about 2 years ago in Western Kansas-- (in Eastern Kansas, roosters lay eggs). All the liars live in the central part.

VOL. 3 - NO. 5

DECEMBER 1952

SMOKE RINGS



#78

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

AUNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

PAUL STEFFENS, EDITOR RT.1, WALNUT, KANSAS

"See You Again in '53"

CHRISTMAS ECHOES OF LONG AGO

Shortly before Christmas 1902, we finished a contract sector of Sand Arroway Reservoir Dam in N.E. Colorado. Before returning to Denver I decided to visit my school and college classmate, Rev. H.F. Schmidt at Flagler. About mid-nite the conductor dumped me off at a crossing of two railroads, where I had to change trains.

The only building visible on that wide open space was a locked section house. I turned in at the one and best hotel...the south side of the section house, the frozen earth for a bed, my suit case for a pillow and the starry dome of Heaven for a cover.

When I woke up at daybreak, I saw the town only a mile away (east)... where I caught a train for a short ride to Flagler. The church was in the country about five miles out. The parsonage was a two room soddy partitioned by an oil drum heater. We lavishly fed the thing with buffalo chips. The two overstuffed sawedoff salt barrel easy chairs never lacked company during my short visit. Pastor Schmidt's feet incased in a pair of wooden shoes, smoked a corn cob pipe. Naturally we had plenty to pow wow about as to what had happened since our last meeting seven years before.

The barrel of Christmas Cheer that Papa Schmidt had sent him from his old Missouri home stuffed to bursting by his sister, Hanner, contained contents better to be guessed then described. I remember we had plenty of tobacco and wine. His dad had a vineyard. Henry had to preach

the next Sunday in Akron. Since he studied no sermon while I was there most likely his flock was fed on a warmed over sermon.

We left the soddy about daybreak; his buckboard broncos covered the fifty miles at a brisk trot. About half way we stopped to eat, and feed the team. This was at Freemont's Peak, a solid rock about twenty-five feet high with a flat top of about an acre coverage.

We got to Akron about dark, in time for me to catch a train for Denver to keep a hot date on Capitol Hill.

O-O-O-O
DECEMBER

This is the silver month of the year
Silver-veined oak leaves dangle
Roofs are shingled with silver frost
And silver snow-flakes spangle
Even stars that in summer were gold
Are fashioned of silver now.

And tarnished clouds are turned
By the moon's bright silver glow;
This month of silver scenes we see
Ends with a silver tinselled Christ-
mas tree.

With his silver scythe Father Time
Ends the year with a silver chime.

Marion Doyle and Paul

O-O-O-O-O
CHRISTMAS 1942

Ten long years will soon have passed
Since I saw my lovely Lina last.

There came for me a day of sorrow,
When for her there was no day to-
morrow.

Noc beneath the sod she rests in
sleep,
Her soul God in His care will keep

Vol. 2 No. 1 UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION March, 1952

TWINKLES

If you do not insist on to intimate contact, you can get along with most people. Take the farmer who got tired of his wife's nagging. He simply packed up his personal things and moved into the woodshed. There he stayed for months continuing to do his chores but never going into the house. Neither did his wife go into the woodshed tho' once in a while she met him in the yard and handed him a pie or a cake. They spoke to each other infrequently.

Neighbors spoke to him about the situation. "Why don't you run away?" said one. "She's terrible."

"Well now, I wouldn't say that" the husband replied thoughtfully. "You know, she don't make a bad neighbor!"

-The Nashua Cavalier

And then there's the one about the mother who was anxious to know how her son was doing at college and inquired what he was studying now.

He replied that he was learning about molecules.

"My, she said, "You must be awfully clever to keep one of those things in your eye!"

???????????

DEATH

In one short moment,
Not even a second's span,
The soul departs and
Takes the breath from man.

MARY I. MAHONEY, DIRECTOR OF YOUTH
ACTIVITY..9 South Street Court,
Lynn, Massachusetts.....

EDITORIAL

This month and every month from now until June I'm going to harp on just one subject. I hope that you will be so tired of reading about it that you'll do something. This tirade is going to be launched on all the YOUNG ADULTS registered or not with me. Right here and now I would urge all of you who have not registered to do so at once!

What I'm trying to get you enthused about is the Franklin Moss Award that will be given to some deserving young short story writer this summer. The award is a beautiful 14-K solid gold medal and it will be awarded by Grace Moss the UAPA Treasurer, in memory of her husband. The idea is to submit your best short story to Grace S. Moss (994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.), on or before June 1, 1952. Don't delay, do it now. If you haven't written your best yet then start now and get it done.

It's a disgrace to all of us YOUNG ADULTS that this award wasn't won last year because there weren't enough entries.

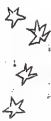
Don't let that happen this year. Make sure your story gets in before June 1st.

NOTE BENE

I'M GOING TO PERSONALLY AWARD A ROGET'S THESAURUS TO THE FIRST YOUNG ADULT BETWEEN THE AGES OF 13 AND 19 TO SUBMIT A SHORT STORY. MAKE SURE YOU SEND IT TO ME THOUGH- AND I WILL BE SURE THAT IT GETS TO MRS. MOSS. A THESAURUS IS SOMETHING THAT NO YOUNG (OR OLD FOR THAT MATTER) WRITER CAN DO WITHOUT. IF YOU WANT TO WIN IT..GET GOING!..

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STARS



#80

Mary J. Mahoney

9 South St. Ct., Lynn, Mass.



Vol. 2 No. 2 UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION April, 1952

Editorial

PURPOSE of the CHRISTOPHERS

I was going to write a few words of my own about the purpose of the Christophers but nothing I can say will add to Fr. Keller's own words. You will find his brief paragraph on the Christopher applications enclosed in this bundle. The only thing I will add is that I firmly believe in the purpose and power of the Christophers and that I am proud to be called a Christopher. All that you'll have to do to join is fill out the application on the postcard and send it to Fr. Keller. This is a non-sectarian organization so no matter what creed you profess, if you believe that by becoming a Christopher "you can change the world" then you should do so.

By the way, YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD!

Don't Forget----

-to enter the Moss Memorial Award Contest! Come on you Young Adults, don't let me down, I haven't received ONE single entry yet!

-to enter the Old Book Titles Contest. The deadline is April 15 and the prize is a Family Reading Club book selection. The titles are printed in the March STARS.

BY THE WAY---

-Winners in the first contest of the Greater Lynn Amateur Press Club were:

William Wallace Ellis in the poetry division and Helen Middleton in the essay division. I am publishing Mr. Ellis' this month and I hope I can squeeze in Helen Middleton's real soon. Books were sent to both winners.

"Echoes" is my name and I
Am simply that; for to deny
My innate nature and intent
Would brand me traitor. I am meant
To be a voice articulate
For my creator; and abate,
Wherever possible the wrong
My author would undo with song.

I am from him a worded shaft
Sped from his bow of thought with craft

And fearless ardor to destroy
Impatient dragons which annoy
Or dare affront unthinking man---
Such is the purpose of my plan:
I am but "Echoes" from his heart,
New wreath for living to impart.

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STRICTLY DUERR

Elmhurst, Illinois, June 1953

C. W. HEINS SLAPS OUT OF ALUMNI, KEEPS CASH

Shall the United APA Alumni Association disband, now that Charles W. Heins has withdrawn from it and will publish "Phoenix," its official organ, as a subscription magazine?

That is the question to be settled in a special referendum being held this month because Heins called off the Kansas City reunion over the Labor Day weekend without consulting his fellow officers and then in the May issue of "The Phoenix" announced his secession—with the organization's entire treasury in his wife's possession.

Heins' present move is the outgrowth of a falling-out he had with Edward F. Daas, UAPA secretary, at the Boston convention two years ago. For a year he fired away at Daas, and then at Los Angeles last year a joint resolution was adopted recommending that Heins cease his attacks, that Alumni recruiting be limited to amateur journalists of at least two years' standing in other amateur press groups, and that annual subscriptions to "The Phoenix" be substituted for associate membership. The fat was really in the fire.

Naturally Heins resented this attempt to dictate his editorial opinions and interfere with his management of Alumni affairs. Basically, the issue was whether UAPA or the Alumni was the "parent organization" and therefore entitled to greater respect in family

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SEATTLE AMATEUR

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom . . . —Prov. 3: 13.

Volume 50

SEATTLE, WASH., JULY 1953

Number 4

An Appreciation of The Life of Theodore Roosevelt

.....
By Libbie S. Herman

Reprinted from the Seattle Amateur for March 1920.

WE sometimes hear that "all great things never grow old." So it is with a great life. The span of years of a noble character will always affect and influence the thoughts of men—lead them on to a higher plane of thinking.

Theodore Roosevelt, the name that has stood and will ever stand for all that is truly American; the man, whose life will ever be symbolical of efficient manhood, passed away January 6, 1919, at his home on Sagamore Hill, New York, at the age of sixty-one. His death was lamented by people of all nations—by those in lowly walks of life as well as by lords and statesmen.

Roosevelt, unlike Lincoln and Jackson, was born in comfort. He had opportunities and made the most of them. He was thrifty but without greed, and generous without being covetous. As a public man, he was kindly alert, not suspicious, and ambitious but not envious.

This master of men who thought and achieved much, was a Vulcan and Milton in one. He was, however, humble in his own estimation. He once told a friend, "I have achieved by labor, concentration, not all by gifts or genius, being commonplace in all my faculties."

Although he put no claim to fame, he won an inestimable place in the hearts of men of letters. He claimed no gift of speech and yet he had one golden speech.

He wrote books that have thrilled America and have the seal of our best critics. He did not claim genius, yet his undaunted will and integrity won him a place with the world's great men. Belief in his integrity gave courage to men of honesty. Quoting the words of Edgar Lee Masters the poet, "Master of properties, you stage the scene. And let us pass into the wings." We are all interested in Roosevelt's quotations. He said:

"Teach the boy he is expected to earn his livelihood, that it is a shame for him not to be self-dependent, not to be able to hold his own in the rough work of actual life."

"Teach the girl that so from it being her duty to try to avoid labor, all effort, that it should be a matter of pride to be as good a housewife as her mother was before her."

Another quotation that is characteristic of Roosevelt is as follows:

"I want to see our education directed more and more toward training boys and girls back to the farm and shop, so that they will be first-rate farmers, first-rate merchants, fit to work with the head and work with the hands; and realizing that work with the hands is just as honorable as work with the head."

We may justly pay tribute to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, and as fellow amateurs reap a little of the harvest of his ready wit and pen.

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SEATTLE AMATEUR

... "all ye are brethren."—Matt. 23:8

Volume 50

SEATTLE, WASH., DECEMBER 1953

Number 6

EDITORIALS — REVIEWS

KON TIKI is the Robinson Crusoe action type of best seller that you will love if you enjoy sea fishing. Six men on a raft cross from Chili to the South Sea Islands. Also send for a sample copy of The New Outlook from 1159 West Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Filled with good ideas and ideals. Marvin Sanford is on the staff.

Glenn Connelly of Geff, Illinois, said in a recent article, "few things can get an American into trouble deeper and quicker than to exercise to the full extent his right of free speech." Glenn and his wife are new members of the National. They are anxious to secure a used 5x7 press at a reasonable price. Who can help them out?

The National convention at Jackson, Michigan was a well managed affair. The Michigan state members are to be congratulated on its excellent success. Everybody enjoyed to the full the pilgrimage to the Macauley Pine Spring rancho. The house had seven plus gables. We still do not understand why the mosquitos picked on us and passed up Sesta and Hazel in their sun suits.

Dean Bollman has printed some good journals and the material has been his own experience. September *Condé Beams* gave the low down on Mexico. Perhaps the National can hold a convention in Mexico City and for a side trip we could drop down and see the pyramids.

Dr. Einstein says all is relative in this universe. If the good doctor was to announce a talk on the understanding of being relative, we feel that relatively few would attend. Bob Hope with a song and dance would draw a full house. Master Paul centuries ago gave us the idea, "out of it and through it and back to it are all things." Man dearly loves his possessions and then they and he return to the dust from which they originally came. Eternal Mind lives forever and Mortal Mind comes from it and goes back to it.

Just how Alf finds time to print his *Cats* and the official organs we will never know. During his spare time he supports a family of four and (cat). Centennial Cat had over 50 pages. Paper, printing and material was all de luxe. Verle says we caused consternation by asking for 250 membership applications five years ago. This year we requested 800. Printer Tevis got them out. The entire membership will receive them and we hope use them. Let's realize a good membership in 1954.

Willard (Tard) Northrop, old timer from New York City, now lives in Shinnepole, N. Y. Tard tells us that Paul Kiel, known to the old timers as Paukie, has passed from this life.

Harold Flint, active for many years in the United and a past president, with his charming wife and three children recently visited in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Washington. Doc Noel and Harold talked over old times and then everybody journeyed down to the Alki salt water beach and enjoyed delicious fish and chips. (To Next Page)

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SPINDRIFT

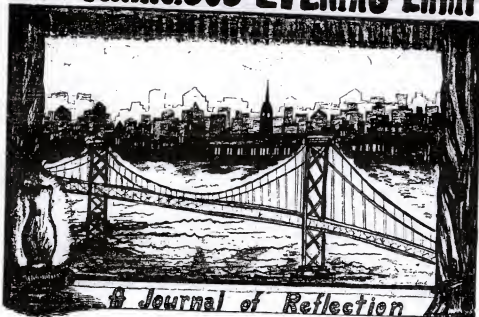
Bonnie Elizabeth Parker.

1927

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#5

SAN FRANCISCO EVENING LAMP



Number 9

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

May

In the Lap of Life



*Sitting in the lap of Life I have at last learned these things—
from her golden lips these things:*

*that nothing in the universe is more important than this
self, and that every other self is just as important;*

*That nothing, no matter what, must be done to mar this self,
and that to do that which would mar another would be to mar
this self as much:*

*That things must never stand above persons, and that things,
becoming Property, mar every one serving and every one served
just as much . . .*

From your lips these things, oh Life!

—GEO. F. HIBNER.



VOLUME 4 - APRIL 1953 - NUMBER 1

EASTER GREETINGS Tidings

oOo A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION oOo - oOo

 ETHEL W. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WISC.

OLD YET EVER NEW

by

Macie Bartlett 839 North 11th Street Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

What can I say that has not yet been said
 Of love and hope and miracle of Spring;
 Of sunset glory or of sweethearts wed
 Or joyous bells the New Year welcoming?

oOo

How best describe the wonder of a flower;
 Or fragile beauty of a butterfly;
 The rain-bow following a summer shower;
 Or starry canopy of midnight sky?

oOo

Can one, in words, the heart felt love express
 Of joy and sorrow that a friend will share;
 The happy thrill of baby's soft caress,
 Or loving touch of mother's tender care?

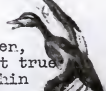
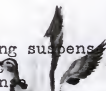
oOo

Can words portray the breath taking suspense
 Of panoramic scenery reaching far
 Of awe inspiring grandeur so immense
 It makes one realize how small we are?

oOo

'Tis all about us and has ever been,
 This grandeur and the loyalty most true
 And yet to each of us is born within
 The thrill of wonder that is ever new

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOo



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5 DEC 16

SEATTLE AMATEUR

"Greedy of Gain."—Prov. 15:27.

Volume 51

SEATTLE, WASH., DECEMBER 1954

Number 4

SOCIAL SECURITY

I HAVE just read "Heaven Wasn't His Destination" by Wm. B. Chamberlain (London) the philosophy of Ludwig Feuerbach who wrote more than 100 years ago. He claimed to be the philosopher of the common man. He quotes Protagoras "Man is the measure of all things." I would change that to "Man measures all things." And he should measure despots as well as island universes and atoms. He should measure and then act accordingly. Feuerbach wrote that theology must be reduced to anthropology, love of humanity must be substituted for the love of God. If we accept as truth that theology, immortality and religious orthodoxy is all illusion, what have we left? We have humanity and, last but not least, the Universe. But is the Universe also an illusion, a projection of man's thought? It would seem to me that the Universe as it floats in space is very real. Sidestepping orthodoxy in religion does not let man escape from mystery. What is astronomical space? We measure it in terms of time, the time it takes the stars and planets to move in relation to each other. We use the speed of light for our measuring stick. When a man loses consciousness, time and the entire universe vanishes. But a disbelief in orthodox religion does not get us away from the mystery of life and of the Universe. Why did the Universe produce or create humanity? Man has now reached a stage of evolution where he can have a hand in controlling or steering his evolution or creation. He can also change his local environment. He can change the face of the earth and perhaps destroy himself and all life by his misuse of the atom. I quote from the book: "Feuerbach is important because he told us why we should turn away from the vanity of preoccupation with another world. This world is all. We have too long neglected to make it a better one, because we have thought ourselves to be strangers here. We have been recalcitrant in not turning our hands to the tasks which have been crying out to be done, not because we could not do them, but because we have been chasing a rainbow." It was from Feuerbach that Marx in part got his idea that there ought to be some changes in human society. What Marx failed to observe or realize was that society was in his time as always undergoing a slow but perpetual change, and that in the total view of history this slow change would aid and benefit the uplift of the common citizen. The capitalism of today is a tremendous improvement over the capitalism of Marx's day. Marx and his followers were and still are in too much of a hurry in trying to change society for the better. The Soviets have ignored and tried to destroy the benefits of capitalism and democracy based on a reasonable amount of private enterprise. The Soviets would scrap all that advancement as they turn back in evolution to outmoded despotism and slavery. They have attained a rapid change but a change back to the good old days of barbarism. It is not disbelief in religion that is the cause of their devilry. There has been plenty of devilry perpetrated by the followers of the chief world religions. The Soviets lack brains as well as humanity. It is this mental lack which allows them to become despots and slave drivers. (To next page)

A STORY OF BETHLEHEM

by

Frances L. Swanson

The little Maid who swept the floor,
And did the tasks of drudgery,
Saw Mary turned from the Inn's door,
Where she sought hospitality.

And going to her attic room
She stripped the blanket from her bed,
And went out through the falling gloom
To where a Star's bright gleam had led.

And lo! upon a bed of straw
Within a wayside stable bright,
A new-born sleeping babe she saw
That filled her heart with strange delight.

She spread her blanket o'er the Child,
And knelt beside the shepherds, there,
And Mother Mary sweetly smiled,
And thanked her for her tender care.

And as she went back to the Inn
A light was glowing in her eyes,
For something told her she had been
Quite close to God, in Paradise.

And passing years could not erase
His features from her memory,
For it was she, who wiped His face
When He went up to Calvary.

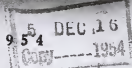
Dedicated to John Quigley
in the service.

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CHRISTMAS, 1954



SPINDRIFT

By

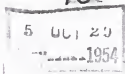
Bonnie Elizabeth Parker



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#190



Short



and

Sheet

A United Amateur Press Assoc. Publication
October 1954

Irma I. Schmidt, Editor

2862 - N. 79th Street

Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin

SHORT AND SWEET

 A United Amateur Press Association Publication Vol. I No. I
 Irma Schmidt, Editor March 1954
 *2862 - North 79th St., Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin

Well, here I am at last with a paper. Eddie Daas, our very competent secretary always says you can get out a paper if you really want to. Well I really wanted to. So-o ---

First of all I want to say a great big "Thank you!" to all of the wonderful friends who sent me greeting cards for my birthday. Didn't mind so much getting a year older when I read all the pleasant sentiments.

MUSIC

Music is something we can literally pick out of the air today. We turn a little knob on the radio or television set and soon we can find some sort of music. Maybe it will be classical, perhaps opera, more often it will be modern swing music. It is so easy to come by that most of us seldom give much thought to how truly marvelous music is.

No one can say for certain just when music first came into being. History tells us that the Egyptians seem to have the record of the oldest music. This was in the form of a lament or funeral chant called the "Maneros". Man probably tried to imitate the sounds he heard on the earth with his own voice. Bird calls, sighing winds, babbling brooks and many others undoubtedly inspired him. And what could have been more natural for a mother who was trying to calm a restless child than to turn her words into soothing sounds that later turned into melodies.

The tones which are used in all music of modern times seem very natural to us; in fact we find it hard to believe that there was ever music based on a different system of tones. On the modern piano we have eighty-eight different notes. Yet scientists have found 11,000 tones that can be told apart. We all know that the scale of seven notes that forms the basis of our present day music was worked out by an ancient Greek philosopher named Pythagoras from mathematics developed by the Egyptians. But long before that time primitive nations divided their octaves into minute parts and used third-tones and quarter-tones. The Chinese used only five notes in their scale corresponding to the black keys on the piano.

The oldest of all instruments were the pipes. These were made by cutting a reed and blowing across it. A long reed produced a low tone, a short reed a high tone. Likewise huntersmen fingering their bows discovered they could produce pleasant sounds from the taught string. Thus the harp came into being.

(More about music in next issue.)

Short and Sweet
A United Amateur Press Assoc. Pub.
Irma Schmidt, Editor
2862 - North 79th St., Milwaukee 10, Wis.

Vol. I No. 2
May 1954

Officially it's Spring in Milwaukee. Actually -- well the less said the better. It's cold, gray and altogether Fall-like. But why should we complain when all the flowers keep trying to bloom so bravely.

Thanks to all who so kindly commented on my first "Short and Sweet". It was very sweet of you.

In this issue I am publishing a short story by Anita which she will enter in one of the contests. Hope you like it.

* * * * *

MUSIC (continued)

The Chinese very early learned the art of music. They invented pipes and stringed instruments which were like guitars. They also had many forms of chimes, gongs and drums.

African chiefs from the most ancient times had horns and trumpets made of ivory, wood or even large sea shells. All savage races had gongs and drums of one sort or another. As time went on men improved on the instruments in various ways until today we have a very fine collection of instruments that produce music in abundance.

First there are the stringed instruments. Some are plucked like the banjo and the harp. Others like the violin, cello and basses are rubbed with a bow.

The piano is also a stringed instrument although most people do not think of it as such. The difference is that the strings are struck with well-padded hammers.

Then there are the wind instruments which we divide into two groups. There are the woodwind instruments, most of which are made of wood and the brass wind instruments.

The wood-wind instruments are peculiar in that some of them have single pieces of reed which vibrate to produce musical tones, like the clarinet and the saxophone. Some have double reeds like the oboe and bassoon. And some have no reeds at all like the flute and all kinds of pipes and whistles.

The brass instruments have no reeds at all, yet they are like the reed instruments in that the lips of the players take the place of the reed. This causes the needed vibration. That is why the brass instrument player has to be careful to keep his lip under control. The brass include the trumpets, cornets, trombones, horns and tubes. (to be continued)

Short + Sweet

Number 4
A United Amateur Press Assoc. Publication
November - 1954

Editor, Irma Schmidt
2862 - North 79th. St. Milwaukee10,
Wisconsin

WHY ARE YOU THANKFUL?



A reporter decided to take a poll of his own and get the people's reaction to Thanksgiving Day. He found many who thought of it as purely as a day of feasting and an excuse to get a day off from work. Here are some of the answers he got.
Housewife--mother of 4 small children:
"Thankful? For what? All the washing, ironing and cleaning I have? I don't have time to be thankful."

Reporter:(quietly) You could be thankful for these 4 lovely, healthy children.

Construction Worker: "No, thankful? Well, I guess not much.

There ain't much left of my pay-check to be thankful for after I get my bills paid."

Reporter: But you could be thankful for having enough to pay them with.

Business Man: Thankful? With all the worries I've got, and the government taking the lion's share of my profits? Not me--no sir, I'm not thankful.

Reporter: You could be thankful that your government allows you to own your own business.

Small Child: "Oh, sure I'm thankful. Mama says we have lots to be thankful for. Let's see--I'm healthy, I have a good mama and daddy and 2 nice brothers--well, mostly they're nice--and good friends--Daddy says friends are really something to be thankful for. And, and oh, yes our dog--he's super. Oh, I almost forgot the most important thing of all. I'm most thankful for my Church where I learn about God and how to love everybody."

Reporter: Bless you. Guess there's still hope for the world with people like you in it.



Hello Everybody:

I hope that you will all have a happy Thanksgiving Day and find that you have much to be thankful for. I am thankful for the U.A.P.A. and the many friends it has brought me. Also for the many fine papers I am privileged to read each month.

The way to lose anything is to realize that it might be lost. (G.K. Chesterton)

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one comes from a strong will and the other from a strong "won't". (Calvin Drake)



SHORT AND SWEET

Irma Schmidt, Editor
2862 - North 79th. St.

DECEMBER- 1954

U.A. P.A. publication
Milwaukee 10, Wis.

CHRISTMAS NEVER CHANGES



Christmas is no stranger
We've known it many a year
The stable and the manger
The things that we hold dear.

The children's joyous voices
The church bells ringing clear
The way our heart rejoices
And banishes all fear.

The oft repeated story
Of Christ the Savior's birth
Gains ever greater glory
As it's told o'er all the earth.

And when this life is ended
With angel hosts we'll sing
Of Christmas that has blended
Eternity to bring.

A very, very merry Christmas to all! And may the holidays
which are always too "SHORT" prove to be very "SWEET".

For unto you is born this day in the
city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the
Lord. Luke II, 11



STEPPING STONES

NO. 3

MARCH
1954

A U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION



AMABEL L. BOLT
(EDITOR)

74 STONE ROAD
BELMONT, MASS.

Dear Friends of U A P A,

The New Year has gone along but I can still wish you an inspired and happy one!

And now for a friendly chat. Having had to take a forced rest for a short time, I was given a book to read. Living so close to the former site of the Concord, Mass. poets, this one had a charm for me, in that it dealt a little with their living habits.

One chapter on Emerson fascinated and amused me, as I thought of our present day T V, Highway Rush and Airplane Pleasures.

Can you imagine receiving an invitation from Ralph Waldo Emerson to attend an evening of "CONVERSATION". Concord was the mecca for literary visitors. When some noted person came to visit Emerson in his beautiful rambling house, he brought his friends together for discussion periods.

The subject was always something adapted to the talent of the Guest of Honor. If he were a poet, perhaps an unpublished poem would be read; if a man of Philosophy, or a famous Preacher, such was the topic of the evening. Alcott, Sanborn, Channing, and others were invited with the Emersons.

When I consider the above, I sometimes think I was born in the wrong century. In this whirl-i-gig of living I have to come down with "grippe" to scrawl a few words like these on the edge of a handy magazine, even as I pray for time later to get them into the typewriter.

The serene days, the intimate, studious days, how I should have enjoyed being a part of them!

Sincerely, AMABEL

WINTER-FREED

I am going the wind's way tonight
To cast my cares away,
The years are overflood but I
Met Spring today.

Spring in the prime, Spring indis-
croot

Giving her all in seed,
I lay aside the logs on my hearth,
It is good to be Winter-freed,

And healed by the tantalizing winds
Heady and gay and sweet:
As buds drop sheaths, so do my years
In this rebirth I greet!

A. AMABEL L. BOLT

"Put a woman's purse on wheels, and you have a junk wagon." Author unknown

"The feather flies heavenward as long as it remains in the eagle's wing.
Author unknown

F E B R U A R Y 1 9 5 4

LESLIE A. SHAW

(Editor)

122 EAST AVENUE 45

LOS ANGELES 31.

CALIFORNIA

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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nd
Episodes

VOLUME 1 - NO. 1

[illegible]

INTO DREAMS

by

Leslie A. Shaw

On the slope of the hill, dry flakes of snow eddied and swirled, and mingling with leaves blanched of the gay into the dull, drab of winter's brown, all but obscured the deep path that led upward.

Before the east window of the big farm kitchen an old man rocked drowsily and watched the path as though expecting someone to come down it. But no one came, and presently, swathed and bathed in the warmth that radiated from the great kitchen range, he slept; and in his sleeping smiled and stroked a hand much smaller and whiter than the gnarled fingers and calloused palm that held it.

An angular woman in a heavy coat stepped through the dining room door, and seeing the old man was asleep, waited for her husband.

"What do you think Don? Had we better wake Pa up and tell him we are goin'!"

"I think we better stay home Lottio. You don't have to have them curtains today. I hate to go off and leave Pa alone in the house this way. 'Sides, it's only Tuesday and Gerald an' his girl won't got here before Friday afternoon, or maybe even Saturday mornin'. Maybe not at all if this weather keeps up."

"They'll get here. You talk like I didn't have nuthin' to do but just cut an' hem up a few curtains an' hang them. There's th' house to clean, bakin' to be done, chickens to look after, yer Pa to take care of. say nuthin' 'bout holpin' with th' chores."

"She wouldn't be th' first one to use that room and we never hung now curtains for them."

"You think I want this girl of Gerald's to think her mother-in-law's just a dowdy old woman who don't know how to keep a nice lookin' house? You go get th' car while I wake Pa an' tell him we're goin'.

Better put more coal in the stove first, ~~and~~ don't want Pa tryin' it."

Don turned reluctantly toward the door, and Lottie crossed the room and laid her hand on the old man's shoulder.

Something
New
in
Grown-ings
Feb. 1954
Edition
Vol. III
No. X

The late indisposition of the "Bundle", and its fine "come-back" has inspired me to write comments, and commendations of "The Old Gal". She was so run down and reduced in weight, that I wondered if she would live. But when she appeared in Nov. so built up in weight and rejuvenated in general appearance, I felt like celebrating by doing something I have long wanted to do: to express as nearly as possible, how each Paper impressed me, and to say so, encouragingly.

So this is what I am endeavoring to do, in this New Year Edition. Maybe this Heading looks a bit odd and far-fetched but it was the only one that came to me so I didn't refuse it. As one sheet will not contain all I want to write, I'm going to spread myself - for once, anyhow, - over TWO sheets. Since the Glorious Christmas Season hindered my getting this out in time for January publishing, I am obliged to presume on the good nature of Members, and to let February carry the load. Actually, I wanted to celebrate by doing Nov. Issue.

To write terse, vivid description of personalities or papers, is, in my opinion, a laudable ambition! I am, therefore, making a dash at it, - practicing on "you-alls" as I try to comment, characterize, and commend, each Paper in the December Bundle. Here I go!

It would seem to be quite the proper thing to begin with our new and courageous "Mail-Lady", - (what a contradictory-sounding title), - Mrs. "Chatterbox", her usual Role. She gave us, this time, an excellent example of a concise, vivid description of the Convention Attenders, written up by Edwin L. Brooks. (And we WERE "interested".) She, too, wrote news items about the Conventional people, especially giving highlights on the most noted ones, who do "write" right! Three poets, she took under her wings, their poems appearing in the Paper: Caroline Stille in another original rendering of the Dear "Christmas Story", and Loraine Good, in a Love song entitled "Red Roses", sweetly written; God's Plan", by Rosemary Young showed us the true value of "grief and sorrow" in our writings. We noted the news of Bill Ellis about to undergo his second eye operation, and we responded with sympathy and prayer. Bouquets thrown by Daas and Boehme, at our Lady Chatterbox, seemed to be gratefully received and reciprocated. (There! isn't THIS a brilliant example of brevity and terseness! Consider the subject, however!)
But, - the Lady's lovely Christmas Folder! Artistic outside, and beautifully lit up Christmas Tree, with her bright words and wishes!
(From now on, we chose "hit or miss", - just as happened, - no plan!)
"Boys' Herald", - a good one. Each story and article well written; some helpful advice on "Emotions", should be heeded. Both Nature and Human Nature well handled, - fine nature drawings on first page.

"Seattle Amateur". I feel backward about commenting or characterizing such a "solid", venerable publication, - but I can express my appreciation of it, - appearance (printed), its informative, interesting, thought-provoking articles: and the two fine Poems, - Belle Mooney's, heart-moving, excellent, - and the other by Bessie Barnes, as good and interesting along another line.

George Boehme's Special Christmas-New Year Greeting, - attractive, artistically; the messages are both so warmly and well written, with their implications of helpfulness toward children everywhere, and some New Year exhortations, too. Betty Tousch's Poem, "Beauty of that Night Remains". is picturesque and sweetly written.

SCENES & EPISODES

A UNITED AMATEUR
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PUBLICATION!

LESLIE A. SHAW, EDITOR
122 EAST AVENUE 45
LOS ANGELES 31, CALIF.

ASHES AND SOLACE

by
Leslie A. Shaw

X-PN4827
MARCH 1954 #178

"waiting on the
vine-clad hills
of Bingen."

VOL. 1 - NO. 2



How any seat close to Martha Dalton remained empty long enough for Monte to claim it, is one of life's unsolved mysteries. But, having appropriated it, why he turned to look at her was no mystery at all. Boys had a habit of doing that.

He wasn't even aware of staring until the principal publically reminded him that Chapel Services were conducted from the front. (They still had Chapel Services in those days.) Even then the Scripture Reading, not a thing taboo in High Schools, and the class songs and yells were lost upon him. He was floating in the depths of those gray eyes.

"Eyes," he told himself, "like a deep mountain tarn, reflecting in their unfathomable depths, the gray clouds of a summer day."

But, talking to himself was as far as he got, for Martha was not only the most popular girl in school, she was the unquestioned belle of Cottonwood's teen-age set.

So, Monte worshipped from afar off, and outwardly at least, Martha remained completely unaware of his adoration. But, to her, in the privacy of his heart, or alone on the banks of Skeleton Creek where birds sang in the trees and insects drowned in the quiet solitude, Monte sang his sentimental ditties and recited his lonesome poems.

Then, about midterm, his chance came. And that too, was a prank arranged by an impish Fate. For a long time, Monte had been an interested but as nearly an inactive member of the Parliamentarian Society (they still had those too) as was possible and still maintain membership. Now he found himself marked down as one of those chosen for a "roading" in Friday Morning Chapel Services.

His selection was not one that particularly appealed to him, having to do with a High School Trackmeet, and victory snatched from almost certain defeat by the Class President. But, it was, about the only close friend he had, assured him, much better than any sentimental little poem or flowery description would be.

Even so it might have worked out all right, except that the girl who appeared before him had chosen the story of a horse race. She did it superbly well too, pulling her mount to a "win by a nose." In the ovation Monte knew he could not compete. He was still considering the feasibility of retreat by a rear door when the MC called his name.

He walked hesitantly forward and mounted the platform where he stood, mute and confused by the very multiplicity of the poems he knew by heart, none of them suitable. At his embarrassment the student body began to snicker.



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 LESLIE A. SHAW. 122 EAST AVENUE 45, LOS ANGELES 31, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

ASHES AND SOLACE
 (Part 2)
 by
 Leslie A. Shaw

5 - A - 27
 May 1954

Emerging from the semi-darkness of the boiler-room, Monte cut across the barren school grounds toward the Frisco tracks which led by the shortest possible route to Hell's Half Acre and Skeleton Creek. The day was unseasonably warm and the sun glaring, but it was not the hot wind that that made his face burn, nor the brightness that brought tears to his eyes.

At the straggly edge of town the tracks bisected the New Co's refinery, but neither the pungent smell of crude oil so soon to be gasoline for roaming automobiles, nor the long string of tank cars to carry it brought visions of far off places.

Beyond the refinery the wind wafted the sweet scent of alfalfa and sweet clover, but the perfume brought no pleasure to olfactory nerves. High in a dead tree, a chicken-hawk drowsed away the daylight hours, and a bullbat sat on a fence post, but Monte tossed no stone.

Lead bowed, hands deep-thrust into trouser pockets, Monte dragged his leaden feet, scuffling up the gravel on the road bed. Meadow larks fifted from the pasture, and turtle doves cooed in a locust grove, a scissortail balanced and swayed on the telegraph wire, but Monte heard no melody, nor recognized any grace.

Leaving the tracks he turned northward across the buffalo grass of Murdock's pasture and prairie dog town at the edge of it. The small brown creatures barked their alarm and resentment, then tumbled into their holes, but Monte neither saw nor heard.

He came finally to the swampy overflow that bordered the creek, and careless alike of possible moccasin or peeping bull-frogs, he pushed his way through the cat-tails and willows to the swimming hole beyond.

Here in happier mood he was wont to come and, dreaming, follow the water course through many counties to the Arkansas, on the mighty Mississippi, out upon the Gulf of Mexico, across the oceans to lands beyond the sunrise, strange lands and stranger customs and peoples. But today, his fancy took no flights.

Black water-bugs darted in swift and effortless zigzags across the placid surface of the pool, but Monte forgot to envy their matchless ability to float and maneuver on the water's top. A water snake emerged from the dead grass across the pond and started swimming with sensuous writhing toward him. Automatically and without knowledge, he picked up a stick and tossed it in a general direction, and the snake turned back.

SCENES VOL. I - MAY 1954 - NO. 4

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AND

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

EPISODES



LESLIE A. SHAW, EDITOR 122 EAST AVE. 45 LOS ANGELES 31, CALIFORNIA

DAWNING
(Part One.)

In a rear seat, in the Sophomore section of the Assembly Hall, Margie Summers sat near an open window and waited for Monte's turn on the program. Meanwhile her attention wandered between the participants and the weaving branches of a maple tree on the parking.

Most of the "readings" were, she thought, fair, but they didn't come up to the way Monte read. Of course only a few of those pieces were poems. But somehow the readers didn't have Monte's knack of identifying themselves with the characters. The greatest trouble with Monte was "his affinity for the tragic," a phrase picked up from her mother. The way Monte gave Sir Launfaul, especially that part of it which begins: "Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes and looked at Sir Launfaul, And straightway--" Of course that wasn't exactly tragic. But certainly it wasn't gay and bright either. But the piece he was reading today -- Well, it just wasn't Monte.

Too bad The Vision of Sir Launfaul was so long. Monte had suggested The Raven too, but her mother had thought "perhaps that was just a bit ambitious for a High School boy." AnaBelle Lee was too short, and too sentimental, but even that would have been better for him than the piece Charlie had talked him into trying.

Margie joined with the others in applauding the dramatization of The Race, but in an absent minded sort of way. After a performance like that, she didn't know what Monte would do. And the way he walked toward the platform, she knew he didn't know either. If she could only catch his eye!

But he didn't look her direction at all. He was looking at someone in the Junior section. It must be--. It was! Martha Dalton.

Why did he have to have a crush on her? She was nice enough. Pretty too, and everybody liked her. But she wouldn't look twice at Monte. Monte was a drommer. He didn't dance. He didn't go to the parties. He didn't do any of the things the kids in her set did. He didn't even think the same way they did.

"Oh no! Not that!!"

The words came entirely without volition. Margie wasn't even aware of the questioning eyes turned toward her. She was watching Monte as intently as he was staring at Martha, and she was experiencing an emotion new and entirely different than anything known before.

She wanted to shake him. She wanted to do something even more drastic than that. And she wanted to cry for him too. The muscles of her throat were so tight they hurt. Even her arms ached, and her fingers were clinched. And the palms of her hands were sweaty.

SCENES AND EPISODES

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#101

VOL. I - JUNE 1954 - NO. 5

LESLIE A. SHAW, EDITOR 122 EAST AVE., 45, LOS ANGELES 31, CALIF.

COMES THE DAWN

(Part 2)

"And so mom," Monte concluded, "I just started walking. It wasn't only that I made a fool of myself. I made a fool of Martha too. I don't see how I can ever face her again. Don't see how I can face any of them. I don't think I'll go back to school Monday."

Little Sol, untroubled by pain, clawed at Monte's pants' leg, and he stopped to scratch his ears.

"Maybe it was all right at that though. Who would have been there to help this tyke if I hadn't? Isn't he cute mom?"

"Yes, he's a nice little puppy and I'm glad you found him. But of course, you can go back to school Monday. Just act natural. If you get a chance to talk to Martha alone, tell her you are sorry, but don't get too apologetic. No girl stays angry long because some nice clean boy falls in love with her. Years from now, when she thinks about it, there will be a warm little glow way down deep inside her."

"But everyone will laugh at me."

"Maybe, at first. I imagine it did have certain elements of humor for everyone but you and Martha. By the way, Margie was over here twice to see you. She said to tell you to come over when you get home."

"Did she say anything? I mean about what happened."

"No. Come to think about it, she seemed unusually quiet."

* * * * *

Monte, with little Sol, pushed open the gate and rapped on the Summer's side door.

"That you Monte? Come on in."

"Are you alone?"

"Yeah. Father and mother went to lodge and Charles went to see his girl."

"Did you tell your folks? I mean about this morning."

"No."

"Did Charles?"

"I made him promise not to. Oh Monte, I'm so sorry. I think they were horrid."

"It doesn't really matter, I guess. See what I found? How do you like my dog?"

SCENES & EPISODES

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1954 ASSO. PUBLICATION

LESLIE A. SHAW,
(EDITOR)*****
122 EAST AVENUE, 45,
LOS ANGELES 31, CALIF.



"THE WAY YOU WANT IT,"

It was Bible Study Time and the teacher was re-reading the story of Ruth and Boaz, and Monte Cavanah's eyes were on the speaker, but his mind was on his application for a summer time job with the Kress stores. He should know very soon how it came out.

So preoccupied was he that the girl who sat behind him had to nudge him twice before relaying Martha Dalton's note. Turning, Monte found himself looking past her into the same beautiful, unfathomable, gray eyes which once before had so bewitched him. Eyes which, until a few weeks ago had haunted him almost day and night. Then he turned back and read the note.

"Are you mad at me?" it asked, and Monte almost wished he were. But his reply gave no such hint:

"Mad at you? How could I ever be? And for what and why?" And while he waited for a reply he tried to figure out why she still had the power to make his pulse beat unreasonably faster. He decided it must be something about her eyes. They were not unusual except the seemingly depth of them. Looking full into them was something like looking in deep pools of crystal clear water. Water clear, yet so deep that strain as one could, he could never quite see the pebbles of gold that he knew rested on its bottom.

Then the reply came:

"You've hardly looked at me for weeks. I thought you must be mad. I hate to have anyone I especially like angry with me, particularly when I don't know what they are angry for."

"Anyone I especially like", Monte's mind repeated sardonically, yet the thought was so fleeting it left scarcely a ripple on the surface of his consciousness, and what he wrote carried no hint of it. Then he faced once again toward the reader. But his mind now was on neither reader nor summer time job.

Even after school, as he waited on the front steps for Margie Summers he was still thinking of Martha, and the knowledge made him uncomfortable, for he knew it was no longer, indeed it never had been, really, Martha whom he loved. Always it was Margie, though it had taken him sometime, and David Copperfield to find it out. Then he saw Margie coming down the hall.

She was a little smaller than Martha, and she walked differently. A quick, loose stride, almost as a boy walks. And she walked alone. Martha always had a bunch of kids around her. Yet Margie wasn't un-



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1954



#103

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LESLIE A. SHAW, EDITOR - 122 EAST AVE., 45, LOS ANGELES 31, CALIFORNIA.

LOVE IS FOREVER

"Give me your hand, Say you understand, Dearie, my Dearie." All forenoon Alvin Cambridge, in a voice rusty from age and disuse had been humming the air, but this was the first time any of the words had slipped out. He glanced quickly around, thankful for the noise of overhead cranes and ringing hammers in the adjoining part of the plant. But his gratefulness was of short duration. "Curley" Reynolds, the other painter on the maintenance crew, stuck his head around the corner and grinned widely.

"Kinda sentimental for an old batch that ain't never been in love I'd say."

Alvin snorted, and dipped his brush deep in the paint pot.

"Tumph, Love's just another name for---"

"Sure, I know. 'Folly'. You can't fool me though. And what was that other song you were humming yesterday? Something about red roses and love fading away."

The old man glared, opened his mouth, then thought better of it and began spreading paint on the wall with resounding slaps of the brush.

"Better get to work," he snapped.

The younger man stood for a few seconds, then walked away and began cutting in the metal sash. But there was something in the old man's eyes that haunted him. A hurt look! Presently he laid his sash tool across his paint bucket and returned.

"I'm sorry, Al," he began, and stopped helplessly before the old man's grunt of annoyance. Then, gathering his courage, he went on, a little desperately:

"I know you think I'm just a brash kid, but I've been in love. I am in love, whether you think there's anything to it or not. My wife's due to have her first baby anytime now and I'm scared to death. I keep asking myself, 'what if I lose her?' She's such a tiny tyke herself. What if I'd never had her? I don't know which is the worst."

Alvin turned and faced him. He tried to say something and it just wouldn't come out. How could he explain to this youngster something that didn't make sense even to him. Voices in the moonlight! Him, an old man way yonder past sixty! Either he was crazy or he was dreaming, or both. Moonstruck at his age!

"Curley" waited expectantly for a few seconds. Then,

"What th' heck, why am I blubbering to you about something you haven't the ghost of an idea how to understand. Hellsbells, blood never did run in your veins."



SCENES AND EPISODES

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LESLIE A. SHAW, EDITOR 122 EAST AVENUE
LOS ANGELES 31, CAL.

LOVE IS FOREVER -Part 2-

"Nothing's worth while but dreams of you, And you can make every dream come true."

The words came to Alvin Cambridge out of a past that until a short time ago he had considered sealed forever. But, now as he gathered the few things he intended to take with him, it was amazing how much of that past projected itself into the present and the future.

Future? That too, he had ceased to consider seriously, until Constance began calling him in the night. But now he begrudged the hours as he waited impatiently for midafternoon and the hour of actual departure. And still, what if the voice he heard were not really her voice? What if it were merely a dream? Forty years was an awful long time. Constance could be dead, or gone from the old home town. She could be married and a grandmother five or six times by now.

That thought was particularly painful.

Alvin almost wished he had not quit his job and disposed of all his stuff save only the little he could take with him in the car. Probably he had been foolish in going so far because he thought he heard a voice calling him in the moonlight.

And yet - if that voice had been merely a dream voice, why had it not sounded as it did forty years ago when he last heard it? But it was not. While he recognized it, it wasn't the same. Then it was a gay, youthful voice, vibrant, with a lilt in it. This voice was an old voice, uncertainty and need to it, and fright and pain.

And so, while he waited until it was late enough so he would not have to drive over the desert during the heat of the day, Alvin Cambridge argued within himself, hopeful and doubtful, certain and uncertain by turns, but always impatient.

"You'd think I was some kid about to take his first trip," Alvin chided himself, aloud as he realized that he was looking at his watch about every ten minutes.

"And suppose Constance is there? And suppose she isn't married? And suppose she actually did call me? What am I taking back with me to show for all these years? Nothing! Practically nothing. A typewriter I seldom use and a bit of Social Security the Government will have to tax or borrow to pay me when it's due, a few convictions as to where we are headed nationally and not much else."

As Alvin considered the last forty years he paced back and forth, pausing now and then to look out of the window and estimate the present heat of the desert he soon would be crossing. And as he waited, he

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向土田王

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THE SWORD

Late Summer, 1955 — Number 28

Movements and Meanderings

THE CASTLEMAN PRESS, if it doesn't watch out will shortly attain the reputation as being part of a shop belonging to a traveling printer. Though not as well travelled as some presses and shops we can think of belonging to amateur journalists living, and thinking back to the past particularly of the West and those shops that used to publish newspapers one place, then publish subsequent editions another place further down the trail; we nevertheless have moved a ton and a half of our shop several hundreds of miles, publishing from three localities.

It will be noted that this issue is being published in the Shenandoah Valley at Front Royal, Virginia. Here, we are still actively engaged in the newspaper business, our employer being the *Northern Virginia Daily*. Our service to them takes form in our being its branch manager, however it being a small daily paper, our job is actually reporting the news from the community, as the paper is regional in scope.

It might be noted by some, since we are now in the Shenandoah Valley, one of the magazines we publish is more aptly named: *Amateur of Shenandoah*, published more actively in 1950-51. At the time of naming, no thought occurred that we might one day be living in the Shenandoah Valley. The *Amateur of*

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greetings to the NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION in annual convention assembled in
that wonderful mile-high city 1955 from the publisher of

slip sheet

THERE HAVE probably been *SLIP SHEETS* by other publishers, though, to my recollection, none have come to my attention. (You see, I have not yet found the time, nor developed the inclination to maintain an extensive amateur library.) I have long wished that I might desert the side of the *dead beats* for a spell and slip a sheet into the bundle before year-end to voice my approval and commend the Viola Payne administration for its outstanding achievements, in spite of some disturbing set-backs.

So, finally, this *SLIP SHEET* takes form. You see, Viola, unbeknown to me at the time, (*sob, sob!!*) lives out in that good cow country where I migrated from—a couple of barbed wire fences away. But I acquired a roving disposition and finally settled here on the coast where the good salt breezes replace the dust, pollens, and other hayfever breeders.

It was as far back as '29 that the urge took us first to Colorado, and to that best of all convention cities, Denver, where we lived sixteen happy and pleasurable

(Please turn to last page)

S. *Clusia*

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S. 195

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Spectator

SPRING 1955

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5 - JUN 1 -
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Spectator

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No. 37



*HAVE ALWAYS thought of
Christmas time, when it has come
round . . . as a good time; a kind,
charitable, pleasant time; the only
time I know of in the long calendar
of the year when men and women seem by
one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely,
and to think of people below them as if they
really were fellow travellers to the grave,
and not another race of creatures bound
on other journeys.*

—CHARLES DICKENS
A Christmas Carol



X-PN4827

#111

SEATTLE AMATEUR COPY-----1955

"Man is the candle."—Prov. 20:27.

Volume 52

SEATTLE, WASH., MARCH 1955

Number 1

BE NOT AFRAID

By Sandor Esterhazy

"BE not afraid to go in the library and read about communism. How will we defeat communism unless we know what it is?"—President Eisenhower.

Every idea has the right to its own existence no matter how perverse. The error is not in the idea but rather in man's application of same. Every idea carried to its logical conclusion is a menace to every other idea. It is for this reason that a multiplicity of ideas are essential as a balancing force. In origin the idea reflects the actions of men. The motion and idea were one. The motion - idea reflects the acts of man in relation to circumstances. Under civilization the idea becomes emancipated. The motions of man and his ideas no longer harmonized. To use ideas man had to use choice. To most it was easier to use conviction than the instability of a variety of ideas.

There are no subversive ideas. There are only men who abuse ideas by foisting them on others. No idea has ever changed anyone unless they were receptive to such a change. Ideas do not subvert. It takes a human to subvert an idea.

Ideas are preserved through words. Words are preserved in books. The secrets of nature are more liable to be revealed through the use of dung than that of rose petals. Man has never learned his lessons in the school of approval. A book denied is an idea contained there - in also denied of possible value to the human race. Whom amongst us can deny that our errors are more akin

to the vaunted genius of man. Is not our knowledge only our presently accepted truth.

The reason there are persons who fear books as subversive is just because these books to them are subversive. They fear these books because these attract them and so they must condemn and penalize those who read these as a warning to themselves.

By transferring the tendency of their guilt to others they prevent themselves from falling into the pit. But since these books to them are an ever source of menace they are under constant urge to destroy such books for if none existed then indeed their problem would be solved. The person who wants to destroy, to suppress, to burn any book thereby advertises that just such books are the individual's weakness. A weakness which can only be overcome by lack of temptation through its not existing. The more vehement they are the more susceptible they are to be subverted.

The man who fears no book is one who through the process of good taste and selectivity advertises thereby what and who he is. It is not what a man reads but rather what he uses his reading for which is important.

The person who fears certain books for their effect is a slave to singular ideas and thus is in bondage to the word. The person to whom all books are essential is master of the word for he proves his godhood by using ideas instead of letting ideas use him.

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SEATTLE AMATEUR

"All is vanity."—Ecc. 1:2.

Volume 52

SEATTLE, WASH., JUNE 1955

Number 2

BOOKS

Now within these covers you will find, Thoughts that will alert and enrich your mind.

Tomes by the master minds of the ages. Gems of thought gleaned from history's pages.

G. Edward Lind.

BOOKS have been defined as the medium through which ideas come to life. How wonderful to live in an age when books are so common and so cheap. Only one hundred years ago books were expensive and diffident to secure.

FRANCIS GRIFONE in *Age of Judgment* says "Ours is an age of babblers. Through the radio, the television, cinema, the press, behind the pulpit, from the rostrum of Congress, on the floor of the United Nations we are subject to a veritable barrage of words. This verbiage is sanctified by the grand term of propaganda. Our age is becoming consummate in the art of browbeating people into action or inaction to the motives of the speaker. The captive audience in most cases are so befogged that they are unable to distinguish truth from falsehood. The chief aim of modern propaganda seems to be misrepresentation."

DOCTOR WALTER in the *Living Brain* says "Learning begins with failure. This is a hard saying for some people. Though the authors of Genesis understood it and the Christian Doctrines holds that the Fall to have been the beginning of Salvation. Learning presupposes failure. It is only when there is a tendency to do something and the creature fails any number of times

before it is successful that learning can be of any advantage."

RICHARD NEUTRA in *Survival Through Design* says "Architects took a less lively interest in plumbing facilities in 1840. That year the bathtub was denounced in the United States as an epicurean innovation from England, designed to corrupt the democratic simplicity of the Republic. The story has been told that when the President installed a bathtub in the White House in 1851 there was a tremendous outcry against it as a monarchical luxury that could well be dispensed with as former Presidents had got along without them. In the book of Genesis we are told that even God soon met with disappointment of the innovator, that customary lack of acceptance and co-operation on the part of his public."

HOMER SMITH professor of medicine in the New York University College in *Man and His Gods* says "Eventually we will learn that the natural world reaches from the heavens to the earth. The supernatural becomes the natural with the growth of our consciousness."

LINCOLN BARNETT in the *Universe and Dr. Einstein* says "Of course everything in this world is relative. The so called wisdom of today often becomes the foolishness of tomorrow."

FRED ALLEN entertains us in *Treadmill To Oblivion*. Life should be more than merely a job to be done. Creative thinking can come into our lives and lead us to freedom. The coin of life

SEATTLE AMATEUR

5-DEC 28
1955

"Of one blood all nations." Acts 17:26.

Volume 52

SEATTLE, WASH., DECEMBER 1955

Number 4

COMMENTS

X-PN 48 27
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Ye stars that are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read
fate

Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies overlap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love, and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have
named themselves a Star.—Byron.

"If today you are overheard speaking
the phrase co-existence you will be de-
nounced as an appeaser or communist.
But what is the alternative to co-exist-
ence? Isn't it Co-annihilation?"—Bruce
Barton.

"A major city with a marvelous sum-
mer climate is Seattle."—E. V. Durling.
It is really difficult to leave this marvel-
ous summer weather to attend a
convention in the torrid east with tor-
nadoes thrown in for strong measure.

How Never To Be Tired by Marie Ray.
We never become tired with the things
we love. Amateur Journalism should be
a joy forever because it stands for FUN.

The Meaning of Philosophy by Joseph
Brenan. Religions and philosophies with-
out end and yet all men must some day
die. Science has made tremendous prog-
ress and perhaps someday the other
world will no longer be a mystery.

"We are afraid of ideas, or change, or
controversy, or analysis, or facts. Too
many people seem to be saying I have
made up my mind. Do not confuse me

with facts. We have great respect for
dead-level conformity. We see it in pol-
itics, where we dread the unusual or
superior. Has the time come in America
when we prefer the ignorant to the
learned, the mediocre to the superior, or
the second rate to the best."—Bishop
Kennedy.

The Game of Living by Floyd Van
Keuren. The personal and the imper-
sonal. The finite and the infinite. Do
the best you can now and the future will
look after itself.

"Mythology ended with the conception
of a single god whose body was the
physical universe and whose fable was
all of history and whose character was
the principle of the universal natural
order."—Santayana.

Useless amendments are proposed each
year. Fortunately it is difficult to pass
them. A democratic constitution will
give every member a vote. It will aid
members in printing and distributing the
small journals. The life blood of the or-
ganization. It will provide an official
organ of reasonable size so that many
can print it. Critics will not bother us
because we are in amateur journalism
for fun.

All *The Best of Europe* by Sydney
Clark. Best book ever written on travel
in Europe. Read this book and your
trip to Europe will mean a great deal
more to you. Stay at home if you must
and the book will make you familiar
with Europe. [To page 2]

X-PN 48 27

Shady Acre Sampler

And now the year is drawing toward a close, and Autumn strides in his many-colored boots along the mountains of old Virginia. Glowing colors affirm his passing ~ a trail of beauty so delightful that the soul expands to it, and our eyes gaze rapturously, forgetting that we saw it last year, and, God willing, will see it again next year.

Autumn in Virginia! Was ever land lovelier? The other forty-seven states may be as lovely, but not lovelier. A drive down the Shenandoah valley, or on the Blue Ridge Parkway, will convince you of that. Lucky me to be in Virginia, now that Autumn's here!

SUNFLOWERS

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1955

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I - NO. 2
AUTUMN - 1955

X-PN 4827
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I would like to thank again the kindly people who have written me since the first appearance of SUNFLOWERS in the Bundle. It has been so encouraging that I am trying it again. Waiting for the mailman has become one of my favorite diversions. It is much nicer to be expecting friendly cards and letters than rejection slips.

One of the interesting things about it is to keep check on which of the poems was liked best. So far, "Mission of the Leaves" is ahead.

I hope you will enjoy this issue of SUNFLOWERS and will appreciate very much any comments about it.

U A P A is a wonderful organization of friendly, helpful people and I am grateful to Gladys Hembree and to Ida May Hull for having made it possible for me to hear about it. Ida May is a new member who is talented and enthusiastic and I am sure you will hear a lot about her. Gladys is doing a fine job in recruiting new members in Wichita and we are all grateful to her.

I am sorry for the wrong date line on my first SUNFLOWERS but will try to do better from now on.--Helen Etnire, Editor.

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SUNFLOWERS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I - NO. I
OCTOBER - 1955

The sunflower is the official state flower of Kansas and in mid-summer its glowing brown-eyed face is multiplied a million times along country roads and it turns pasture lands into fields of gleaming gold. To those who know and love Kansas, it is a symbol of blue skies, southern breezes, rolling green prairies, and of home. Kansas, an Indian word meaning People of the South Wind, sends you SUNFLOWERS in greeting.

Helen Etnire - Editor

SUMMER IS GONE

Wild geese are flying high
across the moon-lit sky;
summer is gone.

Wind keens through black-limbed trees
bereft of tattered leaves;
A lonely night bird grieves . . .
summer is gone.

Long nights of cobalt blue,
pale silver gleaming through,
a misty dawn . . .
when frost replaces dew -
summer is gone.

SUNFLOWERS



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I - NO. 3
NOVEMBER -- 1955

X-PN 4827

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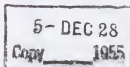
NOVEMBER II

Perhaps in Flanders fields still grow
the poppies, as they used to grow;
perhaps across the smiling sky
the larks, still bravely singing, fly,
unheard by those below.

There lie the dead. Long years ago
they lived
and loved and knew the light of day.
How quiet now where cannon roared,
how fair that blood soaked clay.

To us from failing hands they threw
the torch, to hold it high and true.
Have we kept faith with those who sleep,
with those whose blinded eyes still weep
over little cotton poppy flowers,
like those that bloomed in Flanders?

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Sunflowers

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I - NO. 4
DECEMBER - 1955

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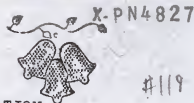
CHRISTMAS

The Judean hills lay calm and serene in the mild winter night. There was complete silence, broken once by the quickly hushed cry of a lamb that wanted its mother.

In the soft, dark sky the stars wheeled in mathematical precision along their ordained courses. Even the new star, rising in the east and shedding unusual brilliance, blazed along the path marked for it before the beginning of the world. It rode majestically across the heavens; and three wise men, traveling through the hills on weary camels, were able to chart their course by its movements.

Slowly the star began to descend from its lofty height. It blazed in ever-increasing splendor until at last it stopped, forever, over a small stable where the cattle knelt around a manger—and the three travelers knew that they had come to the end of their journey.

SCENES AND EPISODES



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

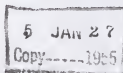
Leslie A. Shaw, Editor 122 East Ave., 45, Los Angeles 31, California

Volume 1. Number 11

January 1955

LOVE IS FOREVER

Chapter II



As Alvin Cambridge walked back down the hill, the moon, a great red disc in the eastern sky was just edging over the jagged horizon. A warm breeze from the south gently brushed his face. It was just such an evening as this, he remembered, that he first met Constance Onstead, and grinned a bit wryly as he thought how near that first meeting came also to being his last. It was at an ice-cream social in his aunt's yard, given by the ladies of her missionary society.

He had driven over to Willow Springs from his home in the county seat some ten miles away, and immediately upon his arrival his aunt put him to work. All day he strung extension cords about the yard, hung Japanese lanterns, placed tables, moved chairs from the church a few blocks distant, froze ice-cream, and ran the dozens of errands incident to the event.

Supper that evening, he remembered, had been a pretty sketchy affair, and he wished he had chosen some other day for his visit.

By seven o'clock, the early guests began to arrive with cakes and more ice-cream freezers. The cakes his aunt took charge of, but the freezers became his responsibility. He must see that they were handy to the improvised counter, but also, that they did not leak salt water and spoil the lawn. By eight o'clock the affair was in full swing.

It was perhaps half or three quarters of an hour later, when looking up from helping his aunt dish ice-cream that he saw a girl of perhaps twenty going from table to table with a little note book and talking to the guests. She didn't seem quite to belong for most of the guests were older people, many of them with children.

"Auntie, who's that girl out there with the notebook?"

His aunt looked up. "That's Constance Onstead. Her father puts out the Willow Springs Banner. It's a little weekly paper. I imagine she's getting a story for it--if her father will let her use it."

"Let her use it? Why shouldn't he?"

"No reason, except that it's publicity for the church. Mr. Onstead is an infidel, or says he is anyway. He wouldn't publish a notice of our social unless we paid straight advertising rates."

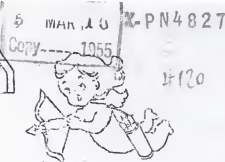
"Hugh. That's odd. He shows good taste in daughters anyway. I hope she comes over this direction."

"She probably will, if there's an unattached male. I'm sorry. I had no reason to say that. I think Constance is a good girl. I've never heard anything otherwise anyhow. I guess I'm still a bit put out about the publicity her father wouldn't give us. That's not her fault though."

And presently, having visited all the tables, Constance did come over to the counter.



Scenes and Episodes



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Leslie A. Shaw, Editor, 122 East Ave., 45, Los Angeles 31, California

Volume I Number 12

February 1955

LOVE IS FOREVER

Chapter II (continued)

Alvin drove on through the night, facing, but scarcely noticing the never ending stream of head lights approaching, save only those carelessly left on Brights. His mind was reviewing the highlights of a long ago past. It was two weeks after the ice-cream social at his aunt's before he saw Constance again.

He called her over the telephone and made a date for a Saturday evening dinner at the Alcazar and a show afterwards? But they never reached the show. It was six-thirty when he drove up in front of the small, one story, unpainted building next to the Genslor Hardware on Main Street. Constance and her father were standing in the doorway talking as she waited for Alvin.

Mr. Onstead was a dour little man, with a black cigar, piercing dark eyes, a sardonic smile, when he smiled at all, and ink stained finger. But his voice, and his eyes were tender when he spoke to or looked at his daughter.

"We won't be out late, father, and I wish you'd go home instead of working tonight. You've done enough for today," Constance told him, after the introduction.

"Rather work. I'll just run across the street and get a bowl of chili, but you go on and have fun. You're young only once, but you're a long time old."

"Poor dad," Constance said, as they started. "He misses mother so since she's gone. If he could only believe, it would be a comfort."

And Alvin thought he had never seen a girl more beautiful, and yet, he knew it was not perfection of either face or form. She was too thin for one thing, but her eyes were pretty. They were a pale green that verged closely onto gray, and her complexion reminded him of a

Hale Peach. Not so rich in coloring, of course. In fact it was not deep enough to hide a small patch of freckles on each high cheek bone. Her hair was light brown and wavy. Her real charm, he decided, must lie in her mannerisms, the timbre of her voice, and her concern for the loneliness of her father.

"I wish it were moonlight. I'd like to ride and ride and ride. It's been such a hectic day at the office I feel all smothery."

APR 21 1955

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Scenes and Episodes

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Leslie A. Shaw, Editor, 122 East Ave 45, Los Angeles 31, California

Volume II Number 1

April 1955

LOVE IS FOREVER

Chapter III

In a small cottage, badly in need of paint and now practically the only inhabited dwelling in a block of run down cottages, an old lady sat before a big bay window and looking out over a flower garden fast becoming merely a patch of weeds. She was watching the rising moon and thinking of moons long gone. In thin hands she held a letter, yellowed and brittle by age. She was making no effort to read it, but not because of the fast fading light. Every word of it was already etched on heart and brain.

Her cheeks were sunken, accentuating high cheek bones over which the skin was tightly drawn. There were deep lines of habitual pain drawn about her mouth. Every time she moved, even slightly, her left hand pressed her abdomen.

But her mind was neither on the pain nor the weed-filled garden nor the empty houses on each side of her, nor was the shadow in her deepset, gray green eyes the result of any one nor all of these. She was thinking how different the years might have been had not the letter in her hand inexplicably fallen through a slit in the catch-all mail box at the old Willow Springs Post Office and lodged behind the loose plaster, to be found only a few short weeks ago when the building was at last torn down forty years from the date of mailing.

Willow Springs, once a reasonably prosperous agricultural village, was now practically deserted. One by one, and two by two, its people had been lured away to the great cities with defense plants, high pay, shorter hours, time-and-a-half and double-time, and the war credo of "set your own pace".

Constance Ohstead had fought long and well, hanging on stubbornly she didn't know why, to The Banner long after it had ceased to be a paying venture. But today, a fly specked sign decked with spider webs hung in the window proclaiming to the occasional passer that "After fifty years of continuous publication, The Willow Springs Banner is suspended with this issue."

"Cancer", the dread word, a suspended sentence of death burned into her mind as an incision cuts into the body. Only a few days

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SCENES & 4122 EPISODES

VOLUME II Number 2

May 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Leslie A. Shaw, Editor, 122 East Ave 45, Los Angeles 31, California

LOVE IS FOREVER

Alvin rolled his head uncomfortably to escape the blinding beams of the flashlight a truck driver was directing into his face, and the man sighed his relief.

"Are you hurt badly?" he asked anxiously.

Alvin muttered incoherently and slowly opened his eyes and the driver repeated his question.

Alvin breathed deeply, rolled his head again and tried to raise himself on an elbow.

"Take it easy. Youv'e had a darn close call," his benefactor said, meanwhile running his hands over Alvin's body searching for broken bones.

Alvin sat up and grasped his head. "I guess so," he answered. "but my head feels as big as a barrel and my shoulder hurts." He moved it and the exertion made him wince with pain. "I wonder what I hit?" he said. "And my car's facing the wrong way."

"Yeah. That's what stopped me. I was watching your tail lights when your car spun around. When I got up to you, the driver's door was open and you were out here on the sand. You're lucky it didn't break your neck."

Alvin struggled to his feet and walked over to the car. The front wheels were grotesquely toed in. "Radius rod down," he said. "Must have sheared the cotter key."

His companion stooped. "Bent too," he said. "You better come on into town with me and have some one tow it in the morning."

"Think I can fix it myself, come daylight. At least so I can get to a garage," and after a few more exchanges the trucker, with Alvin's thanks ringing in his ears, returned to his job while Alvine Climbed into his car and prepared to await the dawn.

"By the evening's fireside, neath its ruddy glow, sets a lonely maid, whose head is bending low. Near her rests her garndshire, in his easy chair, and they dram; she thinking of the future joys, he of the past.

"Of music sweet, each one is dreaming, and of a question whispered low." Last night she heard it, breathed oh so softly, he heard it too, but years ago.

"Each one dreams a life of gladness, Spent neath summer skies. See the hope and memory wakened, shines in happy eyes. Who can say which dream is brighter, Which may be more blest. Sorrow and joy is mingled in each happy breast."

SCENES

&

EPISODES

U A P A
CHICAGO, ILLJULY
7 8 9 10
1955CONVENTION
WEEK

VOLUME II Number 3

June 1955.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Leslie A. Shaw, Editor, 122 East Ave. 45, Los Angeles 31, California

LOVE IS FOREVER
 (Conclusion)

Day dawning in a cloudless sky found Alvin atop a high hill overlooking the plains of the Panhandles of Eastern Oklahoma and Texas. Once this country had been almost as familiar as the palm of his hand, and he drove off the slab of pavement while memories of the long ago surged through his mind, and into his heart came a melody, he knew not from where.

"Blue heavens and you and I..." Had that been one of the songs that Constance used to sing? Oddly, unlike most of the old songs he still remembered, he could assign to this one no particular period of his life. Anyway it mattered little and he went on humming..."And sands kissing a moonlit sky..." There had never been but one "you" in his life so whatever the period, the song was still of Constance, and now after forty long and wasted years, he was on the last lap of the journey to her side.

Forty years! Involuntarily he reached toward the rear view mirror then stayed his hand. Last night, by flashlight he had studied his reflection and decided what he saw bore little resemblance to the unfurrowed brow he had once known.

"If all those endearing young charms," he thought, and smiled wryly, explaining to himself as to another, that he was not thinking of his own youthful charms, but of hers, for certainly no one could deny that Constance had had charms. "Were to fade on the morrow..." Well, it wouldn't matter. What he loved about her would not be "true". The soul of her would go on living and loving through all the ages of eternity.

And so thinking, he stepped on the starter and drove on.

Wrapped in his own thoughts while the ribbon of concrete lengthened behind him, he was scarcely aware of the changes time had wrought in the land he drove across, until suddenly a lone truck and trailer

Scenes and Episodes

Cherry Christmas



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

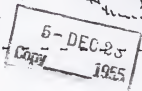
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Leslie A. Shaw, Editor

122 East Avenue 45

Los Angeles 31, California



GOLD WITHOUT GLITTER

"Leslie A.," he said, "for years on end we've listened to your groanings of spirit. 'If only I lived where there was hunting and fishing. If I weren't tied down. If I were only a good writer and could make my living wherever there was a typewriter and a postoffice.' And now for some years, 'If I were only young again'. Well, they've grown weary of your complaints and have decided to do something about it. I'm here to give you three wishes. You can be any age you wish, make your home anywhere you wish, and be any kind of a writer you wish."

I couldn't believe my own ears! I stared at my visitor speechless. But the man seemed both sane and earnest.

"Well?" he questioned.

"Wait a minute," I said, "I'm dreaming. This is contrary to every law of experience. There's a catch to this somewhere."

My visitor shrugged. "It isn't my doing," he said. "I would not do it myself. Anyway, I'm not here to argue. All I'm commanded to do is to make the offer. The rest is up to you."

"I still don't believe it."

He shrugged, and turned toward the door. "At least," he said, "I'm not instructed to argue the point."

"Wait a minute," I cried. "You can't blame me for being surprised? I've never known anyone to have an experience like this. I've never even heard of it. Can't you give me a little time, say until tomorrow afternoon to get used to the idea and make up my mind? This is something big, you know. No one would want to jump into a thing like this on the spur of the moment."

He thought a second or two. "I suppose not," he conceded. "Make it tomorrow afternoon then," and he vanished.

It took me a long, long time to get to sleep that night. And the next day I was still haunted. Every now and then when I should have been working, I found myself standing before a window overlooking the mad traffic of Main Street, my brush dribbling paint, while I envisioned something far different.

Replacing the towering business buildings, I saw tree-clad hills. Replacing the billowing smog, I saw blue sky and the sun. For the rush of traffic, the gentle murmur flowing streams. For paved street, a winding road, "the winding road that leads to God knows where."

5 MARCH 1935
COPY--1935

SHORT AND SWEET

#125

U.A.P.A. Publication
February - 1935

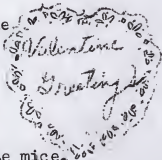
Milwaukee 10, Wis.

Irma Schmidt, Ed.
2862 - North 79th. St.

Dear U.A.P.A.

You can't know how I would pine
If we should ever sever,
Oh, won't you be my Valentine
And love me, dear, forever?

A Valentine that isn't nice,
Is when a boy sends girls white mice.



Hi Folks: Hope none of you get any white mice for Valentines.
Nope-- I never did either. Don't you dare send me any, Eddie.

Hats off to the many fine papers in the Bundle. The mimeo-
graphing is becoming better and better in many instances. Keep
it up.

MUSIC

The Poet of the Piano



Chopin was a dreamer. And as he dreamed so he com-
posed. His music was the most poetical, dreamy, emo-
tional music ever composed for the piano. What makes
a composer? Knowledge, study and of course, a love of
music. When you add to this a great spark of God-given genius you
have Frederic Chopin.

As a child Chopin was frail and delicate. The family
was subject to tuberculosis. One sister died of it, but Chopin had
something to give the world before he was to succumb to this ravag-
ing disease.

Born in Poland, near Warsaw, in 1809 Chopin was very
fond of the piano and recognizing his unusual talents his parents
encouraged him greatly. He was allowed to have a piano in his own
room and often arose during the night to play upon it if the mood
struck him. In order to enable his fingers to do justice to the ar-
peggios in which he delighted, he invented a stretching device which
he kept on his fingers at night. He was only 9 years old when he
made his first public appearance. He received a good general educa-
tion at one of the first colleges of Warsaw--supported by the libera-
lity of Prince Antoin Radziwill. At the Warsaw Conservatoire he
studied under Joseph Elsner. Here he learned much about composition
and delighted his tutor with his marvellous ability. He was wel-
comed to the highest circles of Polish society in which he was com-
pletely at ease. In 1829 he made his debut in Vienna. Here he was
wildly acclaimed as a most promising young pianist. His fame rose
steadily. In 1831 he settled in Paris for the rest of his life.
Although he died in 1849 his beautiful music still lives on.



SHORT AND SWEET

Conv. 1955

#126

X-PN-4827

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"Jesus saith unto him I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." St. John XIV, 6

U.A.F.A. publication
Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin

MARCH - 1955

Irma Schmidt, Ed.
2862 - N. 79th. St.,

Dear Friends:

Last Thursday morning I saw a flight of geese pass by on their way to the Horicon Marsh. What a glorious sight it was. Truly Spring is on the way. They kept honking loudly to each other as they flew. I wonder what all the conversation was about? Maybe like people they were arguing about when they should stop for a rest, where they should dine, etc. Or maybe it was just the company commanders trying to keep the straggler in line. Anyway it was most thrilling to watch them. I was so inspired I went out and bought a new spring hat. Just like a woman? Well, why not? I am a woman. Cheerio.

MUSIC

Today a little bit about one of the first "B's", Johann Sebastian Bach. He was born in 1685 in Eisenach, Germany. He was married twice and fathered 20 children. With his children and some of his pupils he was able to form his own orchestra. Three of his sons, Wilhelm Friedemann, Karl Philipp, and Emanuel (pardon- Emanuel is Karl's third name) and Johanne Christian, were also fine musicians and composers.

When Bach played the organ the people crowded the church anxious to hear what new composition he would play. They were never disappointed. Bach was to music what Shakespeare was to literature. His music was noble and majestic. The ambition of every organist today is to be able to perform a Bach Fugue. His music is difficult to play being composed in the contrapuntal style. With one melody overflowing the other great skill is required to bring about the required effect. But once mastered it brings a great deal of satisfaction to the student.

Bach was a quiet man. Deeply religious he wrote a great wealth of church music which is still being used today and will always be in demand wherever good music is played or sung. During the last 27 years of his life he directed a church choir in Leipzig.

There is a great deal more to be said about our friend, Bach, but we will have to leave that for another time.

(to be continued)

APR 21 1955



#127

SHORT AND SWEET

United Amateur Press Assoc. Publication
Irma Schmidt, Editor
2862 - North 79th. St.

Volume I No. 5
April - 1955
Milwaukee 10, Wis.

MUSIC



The family of Bach were musicians through four consecutive generations. They produced at least 50 musicians of more or less remarkable talents. Bach's parents died when he was only ten years old. His elder brother, an organist at Ohrdruf gave him his rudimentary musical education. Tradition has it that the elder Bach was slightly jealous of his brother's amazing skill and withheld from him a certain collection of pieces for the pianoforte by contemporary masters. The young Bach knowing how greatly these could aid him in his studies managed to take them without his brother's knowledge and copy them at night in his own room. The brother died when Johann was fourteen. He went to Lunenburg where his fine soprano voice got him an appointment as a chorister at the school of St. Michael. Here he became acquainted with the principal works of vocal music. He still continued his practice on the organ and pianoforte.

He never seems to have had a special teacher for any of these instruments or even in theory of music. His style was one which he more or less created for himself. It has become the basis for our modern music. His genius coupled with his consuming love of music gave us some of the world's most perfect compositions.

(continued in next issue)

GOLDEN TONGUES

Evening finds the bed of lillies
Standing tall and radiantly white,
Their tongues of gold are silent,
Resting in cool twilight.

Morning finds each chalice washed
With dew, all ready to convey
With golden tongues, their joyous news,
That "He is risen" this Easter Day.

If only human tongues could speak
As eloquently too,
The hope of Resurrection
That Easter lillies do!

by Betty Tausch

I hope that this will find all of you in good health and ready for the joyous Spring season that is coming. A happy and blessed Easter to all.

I. Schmidt



(A United Amateur Press Association Publication)

Irma Schmidt, Ed.
2862 - North 79th, St.

Milwaukee 10, Wis.
SEPTEMBER - 1955

*** **

Summer is my favorite of all the seasons. And so in order to hang on to it a little longer I am publishing Betty M. Tousch's poem as a tribute to this most lovely of all seasons.

WHEN SUMMER WALKS THE EARTH

Summer is weather of tented blue;
And arched with sunlight of gold-dust hue;
Scented with flowers and new-mown grass,
It rains silver tears on the windowglass.

X-PN 482 7

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It beckons to travellers "Come away
And follow the winding roads today!"
Climb to the summits of grass-green hills
And listen to silver-throated rills.

To see gold pendulous stars at night
Reflected in some lake's blue light;
To watch broad moonbeams cascade down
A waterfalls foam-white lace gown.

To hear the last sweet bird-note calls
When sunset's flaming curtain falls.
To know nightwinds, feel showers allay
And cool the breath of a scorching day.

Summer---a season for all to enjoy
For young and old, for a girl and a boy.
It walks the earth from valley to peak,
Speaking as only summer can speak.

by Betty M. Tousch

WEALTH

Earth's possessions
And all her gold
Can not give wealth
True friendships hold!

by Loreta L. Inman

Picture My Woe

Apple
pie baked by good
hands to a golden brown,
takes my eye and tempts me to
dine and dine!

by Loreta L. Inman.

DIET

I went to my doctor one day
And shuddered when I heard him say
I'm putting you on a diet
It really won't hurt you to try it.
You must give up pie and cake
No ice cream for goodness sake
And though chocolates taste delicious
For you, dear, they're too nutritious.

I'm sticking to my diet, friend
The means is surely worth the end
When I can wear a size four-teen
I'll feel just like a movie queen.

By I. Schmidt

* Many thanks to all friends
* for birthday cards received.
* Margaret Larson



5-DEC 28
Copy 1955



#129

hort AND Weet

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

IRMA SCHMIDT, Editor
2262 - North 79th. St.

DECEMBER - 1955
Milwaukee 10, Wis.

Dear Friends:

Once again it is Christmas. Christmas, the blessed season when we open our hearts to all. To some shopping for gifts may be a physical chore, to others a financial burden. We ought never to let it become either. A dime store trinket given with love can be a wonderful gift; while the most lavish present is as nothing without it. A gift is only good if it reflects the true spirit of giving. May we all remember that the reason we give gifts to one another at Christmas is to remind ourselves of the Great Gift we received from our Heavenly Father when he sent the Savior into the world. May you all have a most blessed Christmas.

Cordially yours, *Irma Schmidt*

CHRISTMAS

X-PN 48 27
. S



Christmas bells are ringing, ringing
Joyously o'er all the land,
And our hearts are singing, singing
As in spirit here we stand,
Once again in Bethlehem.

Christmas thoughts are winging, winging
Back into our tired mind,
Old, yet new they're bringing, bringing
Peace that only here we find,
In Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem.

by Irma Schmidt

(Guest Poet)

GLADNESS

May you feel that awesome wonder
Which the faithful knew of old
When the long expected Savior,
There at last they did behold.
May your heart sing out with gladness
Let no cares your heart dismay,
Echo now the angels' chorus
On this happy Christmas Day.

by Esther A. Schumann



"Thanks be unto God for
His unspeakable gift."
(2 corinthians, 9:15.)



SAINT LOUIS WRITERS AND POETS GUEST PAGE ONLY

#170

5 - FEB 24
Copy - 1956

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTOOD
What other people seek in you
They often fail to find
If they but knew just where to
look
They'd discover it - Your mind
But people being people
Have their faults and failings
too
So they keep right on continu-
ally
Misunderstanding you.
By
MARIAN DOWNING

THE REARING OF JUNIOR

By Lydia Billington

I have read numerous books by Dr. Snood and Dr. Billows and so on about the rearing of junior.

Ten point Plans have been studied and written by famous psychologists What makes junior a delinquent? Why doesn't junior eat his food? How come junior isn't at the head of his class? These and a million other questions all with logical answers.

The junior I have in mind is five years old, hazel eyes, beautiful red hair. A little bundle of muscle, bone and everything that makes her sweet.

She doesn't understand why she has to look like mommie or daddy because she just likes to be Diane. She doesn't particularly care if her manners are good or bad; just so everyone loves her.

The only discipline she knows is doing the things she does because she loves everyone.

Her greatest loves in her life just now are her kindergarten teacher, her little sister, Linda, mommie and daddy, nana and paw, every dog and cat she sees, four frogs and a baby duck.

Grownups are very nice to this little five year old but they just don't understand little people. All this talk about little boys and girls being bad isn't true. It is only the misunderstanding of grownups. You see, grownups have forgotten about not wanting to go to bed, not wanting to take a bath, not wanting to eat their spinach. Grownups just never were little boys and girls or they would understand these things.

This little five year old thinks if she can get grownups to understand these things, they will be much nicer for little boys and girls to live with.

(Especially written for Diane Parette by her nana.)

X-PN4827

CHRISTMAS 1955

By - K. KRUSMAN

I thought I saw a Fairy
Smiling 'neath our Christmas tree.
She said she'd tell a secret,
And this secret just to me.

I listened so intently.
Her hand she raised aloft;
"This Christmas fill your heart with Love,"
And Santa's gifts she brought.

Mind not what others do or say -
The Christ each soul must follow.
This is His Holy Day of birth,
All else on Earth seems hollow!

The gift of toys and all the like
Young children understand.
And when our youth has vanished
'Twould be an empty land
If Christmas over all the world
Had not a Christ or Fairy;
May all the world now be more bright,
And Christmases more Merry.

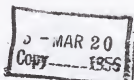


SEE YOU IN SAINT LOUIS - 1957 See you in NEW YORK - JULY 1958

#131

Spectator

NO. 40



X-PN 4827

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THE YEARS pass into the years
and we count our time in lonely
private rhythms which have little
to do with number or judgment
or the uncertain shifting memory
of friends.—NORMAN MAILER in

The Deer Park

JANUARY
1956



#132

X-PN 4827

SEATTLE AMATEUR - JAN 31

"Let us reason." Isaiah 1:18.

Volume 53

SEATTLE, WASH., JANUARY 1956

Number 1

The Seattle Amateur Press Club

Seattle Amateur, Volume 1, Number 1: "At the request of Roy Erford, those interested in AJ and residing in Seattle met to discuss the advisability of organizing a local club. Mr. Erford was chosen chairman and Mr. Fuller secretary pro-tem. Meeting called to order. It was decided to form a local club and house proceeded to elect regular officers. Mr. Erford was elected President, Mr. Fuller Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Parker Vice President. Mr. Parker was appointed to draw up the constitution. Work of recruiting was to be pushed by all. House adjourned till February 16. Thus we see how SAPC was formed February 2, 1903." Secretary Fuller says further: "For several weeks before the formation of the local club Roy Erford had been letting the writer read amateur papers, some of them which he had carefully preserved for several years. Learning through the January UAPA official organ that an ajayer by the name of W. E. Parker had recently moved from Colorado into our immediate neighborhood. Roy Erford asked Parker and myself to meet at his home to consider the organization of an amateur press group." Literary Director Frieda Clark writes: "The club met bi-monthly and the greater part of the evening was given to the literary program. Some good stories have been written. The club has just begun to take up debating. The first question debated upon was 'Resolved that it would be to the best interests of the nation that women be granted the ballot.' At our next meeting each has charge of a department of a newspaper. One takes the editorials, an-

other the society events etc. The members of the Seattle Amateur Press Club are in earnest and time will show that we are not a mushroom growth." President Roy Erford says briefly: "Within the last few months the club was organized. Already it has become one of the largest aj clubs in the country. The members have worked harmonious together; no discord or personal rancor has been evident. I appreciate the loyal work of both officers and members, and I trust the next administration may carry on the work under favorable conditions." Editor W. E. Parker says "The past year of our United Association has been a remarkable prosperous one. All our officers have done their duty well. This is our first issue of Seattle Amateur and we the members of the SAPC, the editor especially, are very proud of it. A feeling of joyness seizes us as we beam upon it."

From January 1904 issue of Seattle Amateur, W. E. Parker the new President writes "Slightly over a year ago Roy Erford was the only ajayer in Seattle and it was not until Feb. of last year that our present club was organized. Since then we have grown steadily until now there are 14 active members on our roll. We must not be satisfied with this however but should use every opportunity to gain desirable recruits for the Seattle Amateur Press Club." Vice President Pearl Brace says "It is encouraging to note the rapid advancement made by our club within the past year, from three to fourteen members. We have an abundance of good material in our city for a still greater increase; it is

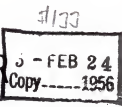
SEATTLE AMATEUR

"A ladder—reached to heaven." Gen. 28:12.

Volume 53

SEATTLE, WASH., MARCH 1956

Number 2



LETTER TO A CRITIC

X-PN 4827
S

DEAR MICHAEL WHITE:

You have been wondering why more N. A. P. A. young folk do not become lyrical enough to burst forth with poetry on the encompassing subject of love. Now this is an important matter. As I explained to the informal session of the N. A. P. A. in Denver (at midnight one Sunday night while the proxy committee slaved its life away) I am not permanently opposed to romance—I just don't want to see N. A. P. A. officers tangled up with it. Texans do permit themselves to fall in love—once in a lifetime.

There is a crying need out here in the Southwest for some sort of vaccination against the whole thing, but as yet Scientists keep on smashing atoms—and Texans smash themselves. Do you recall the publicity last year which attended the fellow from Lubbock, Texas, who fell in love and flew his airplane under London Bridge to prove it? Lubbock is unfortunately only 100 miles from Cuthbert, and I have witnessed sights to match that one.

Poems about love are silken nets cast about with some direction in mind. At present there seems no urgent need for me to spin up one. My husband Travis has just sincerely informed me that should I miss my footing on some river bluff I need not worry—no woman would ever be able to interest him again! I fear that a love-poem would not tie him any more securely—for one of mine would gush. He is quite suspicious of women who gush, cling, weep, nag, preach, plan, or go around Sweetly Suggesting. Such types draw strangling

loops on husbands, he declares.

There is another reason why I do not write poems about love. You threw a searchlight on it when you mentioned the words "young people." There are young people in the Association, it is true, but then there are a certain percentage of members just as decrepit as I am! Many of us have husbands, wives, half-grown children and grandchildren lurking in and out of the Association. That fact raps me over the head whenever some future local Lochinvar tosses a fast glance at my own honey-haired daughter at some musicale—and I grind the glance right into his teeth, and wash it down his throat with a gallon of ice water.

There is one more reason why I must restrain myself from writing beguiling poetry about love. Cuthbert folk would be immediately aware of the fact! There would be only one conclusion reached by the populace: namely, that Viola Payne was trying to provide herself some sort of *Second Spring*. My community survived the *First Spring* with charity, but the suggestion of a repetition would be bound to save the atom-splitters a lot of bother.

So you can see that I have several good reasons for not dreaming up romantic poetry. I agree that this is a terrible blow to literature, but perhaps it can be borne with. Starlight... melody... melting glances... love will always be something particularly special and especially particular. But excuse me please, while I vaporize from the scene

(Conclusion on Page 2)

#134

X-PN 4827

SEATTLE AMATEUR

Forearmed, Forewarned—Benjamin Franklin.

Volume 53

SEATTLE, WASH., APRIL 1956

MONTHLY BUNDLE MAILING

By Alma Weixelbaum

Number 3

J - APR 30

Copy ----- 1956

SINCE MY directive in the December National Amateur that publishers should no longer be taxed for the distribution of their journals, I have received many letters with only two adverse criticisms. Most however applaud it by the term "free mailing." I do not consider this quite accurate; it is not "free." It is part of the service for which we pay our dues. It has been contended that the mailing fee is so small it adds little to the cost to the publisher. Since the receipt of the monthly bundles is one of the most potent inducements to join we offer new members, the fallacy of such reasoning is patent. The cost to the publisher would be much less if he mailed only to a (comparatively) few members. Or should I say "few friends" since without the bundles I question if there would be any "members" or any Association.

My action has also been termed illegal and without precedent. I believe the real illegality has been in charging a fee, since our Constitution distinctly instructs the Mailing Manager to mail to members such amateur papers published by members furnished him for that purpose. It does not specify that the papers must be accompanied by a fee, nor does it authorize the Mailer to withhold any because of the lack of such fee. The demand for a fee has been an "unwritten law" by whom first instituted I do not know.

As to precedent, Victor Moitoret abolished a mailing fee the last month of his

regime. Too bad it was ever resumed.

Yet legality was not the strongest motivating force for me. Our By-Laws, of course, are based on Parliamentary Laws. What exactly is Parliamentary Law? It is "Justice, plus Courtesy, plus Common Sense." Very well, is it "just" to require publishers to add to a cost already higher than that paid by any officer? I have held every office in the Association (except Official Editor) and paid all the costs of those offices except Convention invitations and proxies, and know that my Comet, exceedingly modest as it was and not to be compared to some of the fine journals published by other members, still cost me more than any office I held.

Granted that these members publish for the joy and pride in their achievement; granted that they enjoy the interchange; nevertheless, I feel it is unjust to tax them for making such a vital contribution to the pleasure and welfare of the Association.

As to "courtesy"—if you belonged to a club and someone offered to send you gifts for the members, would you consider it polite to respond that they must send money to pay the cost of distribution?

And isn't it just plain "common sense" to encourage and not handicap those members who give so much of their time, energy and cash for our enjoyment?

So I trust all the members will join with me in this expression of our appreciation by approving my actions.

#135

X-PN 4827

SEATTLE AMATEUR

Waste not want not—Benjamin Franklin.

Volume 53

SEATTLE, WASH., JULY 1956

5 - JUL - 2

Copy Number 1956

EXPANSIVE OR RESTRICTIVE

AMATEUR JOURNALISM in origin was not considered a hobby. It was considered the articulate written expression of the American way of life. The practice of amateur journalism was the living proof that the Bill of Rights was not just a document. The amateur was proud because He wrote what he thought was right and so differentiated himself from those who wrote what they were told to write. The freedom of the press to the amateur journalist was the necessity to write as his human dignity dictated. Freedom of the press was freedom from influence or coercion either social or financial.

Amateur journalism was a reaction, a protest against the commercialization of journalism. The most often repeated sentence through the years was "The Amateur press is the only FREE press." It was the conviction of Amateur journalists that a publication printed without thought of profit would be the mainstay, the backbone of a free press. They saw the commercial press as the destroyer of individual opinions and thus as a threat to our liberties. They considered they had the right to tell the world how each felt about any and all problems. The only sin was the attempt to stifle the opinion of another. To prove their point they time and again printed articles with which they did not agree. Amateur journalism meant a free press.

Their outlook was not limited to curry favor and approval from a circumscribed few but rather took in the world. All writing in final analysis is still in the

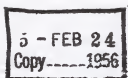
realm of dual valued logic.—Is it restrictive or expansive? And this is not determined in what is written but rather whom it is written for. I do not care what the subject matter is, the question of its inclusiveness would actuate the writer's potentiality as a writer. Poor writers with grand themes can write great words while good writers can only express puerilities with a mediocre and short sighted outlook.

The restrictive or insular subject writer is always trying to reconcile the combat of his dual valued logic. He wonders how expansive he can get before he becomes a dissenter. He has always the solution for his problem before him of converting his dual-headed monster into one. Through fixed ideas and dogma he can solve his soul's perplexity.

The expansive writer whose outlook is not limited feels that his audience is the representation of the world at large. In writing for the few he writes for all. There are no limitations to his thoughts, no circumscribing to his views. The problems of the world are not divorced from his participation nor is his activity a denial of the forces of life. The amateur journalist does not bring the problems of the world to amateur journalism. He brings amateur journalism into the world.

Being a part of the world we are also of the world. We can have no problems, individual or social, which are divorced from the realities. It is only whether we have the acumen to translate our amateur problems into the larger mold of life

#136



SUNFLOWERS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I - NO. 5
FEBRUARY - 1956

X-PN 4827

TO MY VALENTINE

. S

To you, my love, I long to say
the words that would express
the way my heart feels when I look
upon your loveliness.

When your dear eyes gaze into mine,
they cast a magic spell
that turns my thoughts into such bliss
no tongue could ever tell.

And so until new words are made,
old ones will have to do,
I'll just repeat what I've said before,
"I love you".

VALENTINE GREETINGS

To a pretty girl of long ago,
I send this valentine greeting
to say I love you just the same
as I did at our first meeting.

Though now your hair is silver
and lines adorn your brow,
never were you more dearly loved
and cherished, than you are now.

SPINDRIFT

BY

Bonnie Elizabeth Parker

#137

X-PN4827

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As September starts us off into the Fall Season, we are all more or less concerned with the fruitage of the summer season. So it seemed appropriate to use the idea in this, our "Devotional Spot" to illustrate the "Fruitage" of our personal lives.

God the Great, -- yes, the MASTER-Gardener, hopes always for the opportunity of working in our inner lives by His Spirit, - that moving Spirit of the Universe of which our lives are a most important part. When we invite Him into His rightful place, - really make an agreement with Him, - He sets to work with His own tools, to cultivate the fruit we are intended to have. He makes use of our best, - each heart is a Garden, whose soil He uses as a basis.

In this "Garden of our Hearts", He labors, with our cooperation, to promote the fruitage listed by His great Co-worker, Paul, that early Apostle, in his letter to the Galatians. We here have the "Fruit" pictured, - displayed as tho for a Fair, - above, and will quote his words: "The fruit of the Spirit is Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering (or patience), kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control, - against these there is no law". (May this be our ambition and our prayer.)

My comments on results of voting at Convention:

I have, at some time, voiced a statement in favor of a second term for Officers; there is some new blood, too, I see.

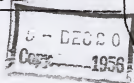
SHORT AND SWEET

Irma Schmidt, Ed.
2862 - North 79th. St.
Milwaukee 10, Wisc.
A U.A.P.A. Publication.

OCTOBER - 1956



MUSIC



X-PN4827

The world is certainly full of a number of things, all of them most wonderful. In one lifetime we cannot begin to learn all the things we would like to. So we must choose the ones we like best. I have chosen music because I think it does more for man than any other gift God has given us. Today of course, there is much that passes for music but is nothing more than rhythmic sound jumbled together in such a mass as to provide no true enjoyment to the lover of really fine music. Music ought to do something for one. As the joyous strains of a Sousa march lift the lagging spirits of the soldier and the rhythmic tunes of a good dance band start our feet to tapping so really good listening music must stir our souls. It must lift us out of our present environment and raise us to lofty heights of inspiration.

In Beethoven we have a composer who has given us some of the most wonderful music that has ever been written. When we study the life of this great man and see its tragedies we are amazed that he was able to compose in the manner that he did.

Born in Bonn, Germany in 1770 in dire circumstances his childhood was not a happy carefree one. His father, although a musician of note, had a violent temper which was not helped by his addiction to strong drink. When he saw that the children of Mozart were successful in the field of music he decided that his own little Ludwig should earn money for him. So the young Beethoven was made to practise long hours often far into the night. At seventeen when he studied composition with Mozart that gentlemen was the first to recognize Beethoven's genius.

Beethoven studied piano and organ with musicians Pfeiffer, Van der Eden and Neefe. He made rapid progress and in 1785 was appointed assistant to the court-organist Neefe. Beethoven studied his art zealously but because of the circumstances of his family he was compelled to give lessons to aid them financially. He hated this.

When he was about 39 years old he began to get deaf. His nature, which up to then had been lovable, now underwent a drastic change. He became surly and ill-tempered. We would have expected that his compositions suffered because of this affliction. This was not so. Rather he composed some of his most brilliant works after deafness plagued him. The Pathetic Sonata was one of these. If you have heard it you know how truly beautiful it is. Some of his sonatas are regarded as the grandest things ever written. We all know and love his Moonlight Sonata and his nine symphonies--the "immortal nine" as they are called are the backbone of the orchestra. The Fifth sym-

SHORT AND SWEET

X-PN4827

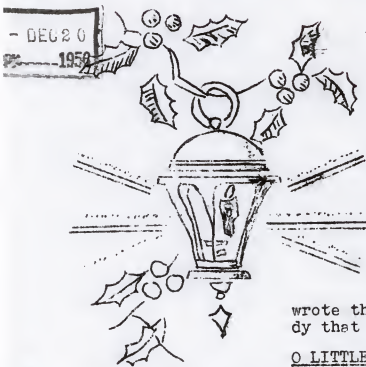
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#140

U.A.P.A. Publication
Irma Schmidt, Editor

DECEMBER - 1956

2862 - North 79th Street
Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin



The lovely carols that fill the air at Christmas time fill our hearts with delight. Of all the tunes ever written these are most quickly learned even by the smallest child. Few of us ever stop to think about who composed these wonderful songs. Here is just a brief history of some of the most well-known.

SILENT NIGHT

The parish priest of the little church of Arnsdorf, Austria wrote the words for this loveliest of all carols on the day before Christmas Eve in 1818. Franz Gruber, the organist, upon hearing the wonderful words wrote the simple yet hauntingly beautiful melody that has endured for more than two centuries.

O LITTLE TOWN of BETHLEHEM

Phillips Brooks, an American writer, composed this one in 1868 while he was rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. He wrote it when his Sunday School class begged him for a new Christmas hymn. Then he took it to the organist, Lewis H. Redner for the melody. Redner said he heard this melody in a dream on Christmas Eve and finished the arrangement in time for the service next day.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

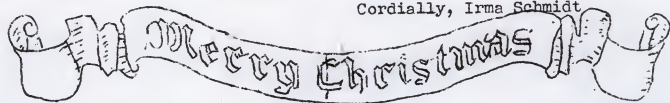
One of the most famous of Protestant hymn writers, Charles Wesley, was inspired to write this beautiful carol as he walked to church one Christmas morning in 1730 and heard the pealing of the bells. The music Mendelssohn had composed for a festival at Leipzig in 1840 was adapted by Organist Waltham Abbey to this carol.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

A Unitarian minister in Boston, Edmund H. Sears, wrote a poem in 1849 and a year later Richard S. Willis wrote this joyful music for it, giving us one of the few hymns of the 19th century with the real Christmas message, "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

I hope you will all enjoy a most happy Christmas.

Cordially, Irma Schmidt



SCENES AND EPISODES

Leslie A. Shaw, Editor
122 East Avenue 45
Los Angeles 31, California

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

February 1956

WHITHER AMERICA

5 - FEB 24
Copy 1956

The Stranger looked up from the book he was reading and saw the owner of the one room cabin entering the door, rabbit dangling from his belt, and a shot-gun cradled in his arm.

"You know," the Stranger began abruptly, "I think I have the answer to a question which has been rather bothering me ever since I intruded so unceremoniously on your hospitality."

McCann glanced at the book which the man was reading. "So," he said, "I see you've found my old scrap books. But what's been eating you?"

The Stranger hesitated a moment, then answered in a voice not untinged with contempt. "Your scrap books," he said. "I think I understand now why a man of your evident education and intelligence, in spite of your effort at disguise, happens to be living way out here in the middle of nowhere cut off from radio, TV, newspapers or any other connections with the outside world."

The muzzle of the shot-gun raised a bit. "Yeh! Well, what's so unusual about that?"

"The great McCann, super-patriot hiding away off here all by himself."

"So?" The gun pointed squarely at the visitor. "I think Stranger, you'd better explain. Until you made those cracks I was willing to take you at your word, just a stranger cut off from civilization by floods and storms. Now I'm not sure."

The Stranger showed no fear. "McCann whose stuff was so hot newspapers generally refused to carry it. It had to be printed in little pro-American news-letters and brochures. Take my advice follow, and burn these things. They're a dead give-away."

"I'm waiting." The voice was grim. "And you had better begin." The Stranger stretched coolly and yawned. "Oh, don't be a fool, McCann. If I were of the Gestapo, do you imagine I'd let you walk in on me with a shot-gun and these scrap-books in my hands? I knew you had gone hunting."

The muzzle of the gun wavered, but it didn't lower. "Suppose you tell me about it. Has it actually come to a Gestapo? I was afraid it would from the last National Election I knew anything about."

"So! I was right? You aren't as ignorant of current events as you pretend! Well, don't worry. I'm not of the Gestapo. That's why I'm telling you to burn these things. Sooner or later someone will come along. Get rid of them. That's the wise thing, though perhaps not exactly the most courageous."

McCann set the gun down in the corner of the room. "Tell me," he repeated, "Has America actually come to that? I said it would, but somehow I couldn't quite make myself believe it. I thought before it was TOO late, America might wake up."

"It's come to that."

McCann pulled up a chair and sat down heavily. "I wrote," he said. "So did others. Thousands of us. Perhaps hundreds of thousand, little and big. But, big or little, we were 'Voices Crying in the Wilderness'. We had 'Peace and Prosperity' and no one asked at

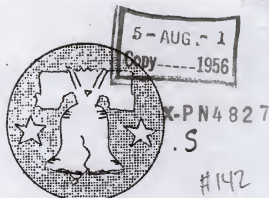
SCENES & EPISODES

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Leslie A. Shaw, Publisher

122 East Avenue 45, Los Angeles 31, California

July 1956.



The ways of a maid with a man are no less incomprehensible than the ways of a politician for a vote - or are they? And "there is nothing new under the sun."

Congress, after some "fussin' and fumin'" passed the new Soil Bank Bill, which is at least as old as the New Deal. The cost this year is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 on top of some \$1,000,000,000 each year for the past twenty or so years. All, of course, in the name of saving the "family farmer" and the national economy from destruction.

The odd thing is that this same Congress then past the upper Colorado River Bill which puts some thousands of acres of presently arid land into cultivation, and that will cost some hundreds of millions of dollars, and probably, if it is like other Government Projects, at least a billion or two before it is over.

This newly cultivated land can be confidently expected to produce bumper crops of- you guessed it, farm subsidies, with, they hope, some tens or possibly hundreds of thousands of votes, purely of course as a by-product.

However, possibly the politicians will be a bit disappointed. There may not be many small families left on the land to vote by then, since every year more of them move to the cities, frozen off the land by foreign competition since our subsidies has priced American products above World prices.

You see, in 1954 our Government, which is so vitally interested in the small farmer, paid one big company a subsidy of \$1,292,472.00 on cotton, and to another \$486,725.00 on rice.

Also according to the figures released by Sec. Dulles, and combined by Dan Smoot, (to whom I am indebted for most of the above facts) show that 88% of the products which the Gov. pays a subsidy, is produced by only 40% of the farms.

Put another way, 60% of the farmers (family farmers) must divide between them only 12% of the subsidy money. That is the American Farm Scene today. But it long ago ceased to be merely an episode.

APATHY, AVARICE, AND FATE

Today America follows three horsemen to that stage of Utopia where the individual is naught, and the mass (?) is all. Unfortunately there is no such thing as The Mass, or State, in the way so many think. Always there are, and must be those who direct, and the closer our population approaches this mass, or State, the more dictatorial become the directors. The end, of course is Communism.

Yet, there are those who say: "Can't be too bad. I have a good job, a nice home, car radio, TV., sports page and comic strip. I have Social Insurance including unemployment benefits and Old Age Security. Never had these before! Can't be too bad."

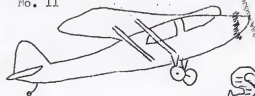
So, perhaps, most of us follow the horseman of APATHY.

Vol. I
No. II

JULY 1956

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

#143

5-AUG-1
Copy-----1956

Published by Ruth Loggans
517 North 59th Street, East St. Louis, Illinois

Co-Publisher - Al M. Etori
10165 Bon Oak Drive, Saint Louis 21, Missouri

My Friend

Friends you could find everyday,
But sincere friends are hard to find,
I'm happy that I've found one,
That I call a dear friend of mine.

When I'm in distress and lonely,
And hard luck comes my way,
When everybody seems to desert me,
My friend with me will always stay.

When I try for fame and success
While others may laugh and sneer
My friend will wish me luck,
With a smile and a good cheer.

Though friends may come and go,
The weather may be rain or shine,
I'm proud to say, that dear to my
heart,

I've a friend, a true friend of mine.

- by Al Etori

A WISH

Wish I was again a little boy
Back upon my mother's knees
Listening to her sing me to
sleep

With sweet melodies
But days are gone forever
Gone but not forgotten with me
Cause I live those days over
and over

Live them only in memory.
Those days were happy days
As memories lingers with me
yet

Tho' I may live to be a
hundred
Those days I know I can't
forget.

- by Al Etori



Shattered Hope

Verse

My thoughts dear are always of you
Tho' they sometimes make me cry
Memories of our happy dreams
Are in my mind and will not die.

Chorus

I'm always dreaming of you dear
And in my dreams you come and go
Though with me you're through forever.
As I love you, You'll never know
Hope of making up are shattered
As you have told me so
Tho' I still choose to love you
That's a habit I can't outgrow
Youth will soon go passing by
As the days will swiftly pass
But believe me when I say to you
My love will always last....and so
goodbye.

- by Al M. Etori

SOME INTERESTING SAYINGS

A good reminder for all, just
suppose your errors were tabulated
and published every day, like those of
a ball player.

NO ONE OF US CAN ACCOMPLISH AS
MUCH AS ALL OF US.

The past is my Heritage
The present, my Opportunity
The Future, My Obligation.



SCENES and EPISODES

January 1957

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

LESLIE A. SHAW, Editor

122 East Avenue 45 Los Angeles 31 California

THE ARAB CRUCIFIXION

The last few weeks have witnessed two almost incredible events and in my morning Hearst paper I read the ultimate in inconsistency and kow-towing to a well organized, well financed and total UNAMERICAN pressure group:

The people of Hungary have pitted bare hands, sticks and stones against the tanks and guns of the most savage, ungodly, brutal and beastly tyranny of all history. At this writing the battle still goes on, at least to the extent that the general strike is not broken. That is ONE of the almost incredible events.

The other is the fact that OUR GOVERNMENT, founded upon Christianity and FREEDOM - the government that for two centuries or so has been the champion of free men everywhere - the great single moral force in the world, so far as man-made government could be; the government whose Chief Executive said, not so long ago: "We will never accept the status-quo as long as great great masses of people are held in slavery and bondage;" the Government which puts on its coins, "In God we trust," and which still (half-heartedly) boasts of championing FREEDOM'S CAUSE and the right of ALL MEN to SELF-DETERMINATION - this government of the United States has LACKED THE MORAL COURAGE TO BREAK OFF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH THE SOVIET COUNTRIES! It did not even suggest that the United Soviet countries be expelled from the United Nations, or that the United States get out of the United Nations, until PUBLIC PRESSURE was put upon our government.

Even now, we continue to treat these monsters as a legal legitimate government, and that is hypocrisy plus moral cowardice almost beyond credence.

Now, here is the kow-towing to an UNAMERICAN pressure group:

In an editorial entitled AMERICA'S HEART, after mentioning that Nassar had rendered "stateless, almost 17,000 Jews," the last paragraph reads, "PRESIDENT EISENHOWER SHOULD OPEN THE DOORS TO THE 17,000 JEWS."

I have subscribed to this Hearst paper for years (for want of anything better in L.A.). Never yet have I read in this paper an editorial on the 900,000 ARAB REFUGEES which ISRAELI exiled to the desert ten years ago WITH ONLY THE CLOTHING ON THEIR BACKS. Papers have never mentioned the rape, murder and crimes perpetrated against these Arabs BY ISRAEL.

There is ample proof - so much proof that it would have been UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR THIS EDITOR OR ANY EDITOR to fail to have knowledge of these crimes. Nor can they fail to have an equal (please turn)

SHORT & SWEET

U.A.P.A. Publication
August - 1958

Irma Schmidt, Editor
2862-N.79 St.-Milw., Wis

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONVENTION

Where shall I begin? My heart is full of so many wonderful memories of the Chicago convention. Meeting old friends and new ones is one of the nicest memories. I think you would have to look far to find such a congenial group of people. Mr. Paul Pross, the Chairman of the convention, proved himself a tireless worker. Thanks to him and others who helped him the convention moved along with a magical tempo. The get-together at the apartment of Paul Pross and Otto Anderson was most enjoyable. The apartment is beautifully decorated and a credit to its tenants. Paul and Otto proved themselves to be very capable hosts.

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Our literary "tea" on Thursday afternoon was well-attended. It's was amazing to see how many had brought along some of their work to read. Yes, I think this year will be one of great zeal in writing if the enthusiasm shown at the convention continues to possess our people for the rest of the year. I have decided to really "dig in" this year. How about you? At one of our meetings Mr. Edward Doss, our secretary, read a letter from Mr. Phinney regarding a short story contest which he (Mr. Phinney) will sponsor if there are at least 25 entries. Please write Mr. Phinney and let him know that you will enter. Everyone has at least one story to tell. Let's hear yours.

A boat ride on Lake Michigan Thursday evening proved another highlight to be treasured. The evening was warm, the lake breeze enchanting, and the many wonderful things we learned about the buildings comprising the Chicago shoreline most enlightening.

The greatest highlight came on Friday evening when Paul Pross, Otto Anderson, Terri Lynn, Lori Hottel and other luminaries of the theater gave several remarkable performances for us. Elizabeth Reitci, (Irma's daughter-in-law) sang three lovely Jerome Kern numbers in her own inimitable style. She was very well-received. My thanks go to Mr. William Leux who accompanied me and to Beatrice Winkler for her help. I think there must be much more talent among U.A.P.A. members. Let's hear about it. Perhaps you can perform at our next convention.

On Saturday, the Grace Moss-Weitmann Memorial luncheon was simply marvellous. It could only have been improved by one thing. The presence of Grace in our midst. We missed you, Grace. The afternoon was spent by some of us at the Schubert theater seeing a performance of MY FAIR LADY. It was superb. Don't miss it.

Saturday evening the gala occasion of the yearly benquet. The food was excellent. The speeches marvellous. Alice Guerstenberg, for whom Paul Pross's theater group is named, gave many enlightening tips to the beginning writer. She is a most charming personality. The extemporaneous speeches by many others present were delightfully surprising. Even my husband surprised me when he refused to divulge what he knows about women. Do you suppose the fact that I was sitting so close to him had something to do with it? I wonder----.

And so another wonderful U.A.P.A. convention came to a close. With a new store of enthusiasm and another fine man, Paul Pross, for president, the coming year should be the best we've ever had.

(SEE OTHER SIDE, PLEASE)

#1146

Sunshine Notes

From The Sunshine State

X-PN4827

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Vol. 1 De Land, Florida November 1959 No. 1

TO MY PEN

You have brought me a thought
Truer yet, was never wrought;
Old lives, old friends, are best
And the unsung worthiest.

Anita Roberta Kirksey

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THE SCRIBBLER

Volume 1

December, 1959

Number 9

Secret To Happiness

There are literally millions of miserable, lonely, unhappy people here in America, to say nothing of the rest of the world, who go about, traveling here and there, restlessly seeking happiness in parties, night clubs, theatres, drinking, dancing, teas, card parties, and other kinds of excitement, failing to realize that the secret to happiness, peace and contentment lies not in satisfying the desires of the flesh, but lies in the Spirit of Thanksgiving and Christmas so very much in evidence during the Holiday Season each year.

With the coming of the dawn each morning, we approach a new day with a renewed physical strength, a released mental alertness, and should be fortified anew spiritually, that we may put forth our best efforts to do those things which fall to our lot in a manner both acceptable and pleasing to ourselves, our superiors, and to the Lord above.

We should be mindful that no matter what the events of the day may be, to those of us who believe all things work together for good, though we may not understand the good that may come from certain individual adversities. With such an attitude, and conscientious effort throughout the day, we may breathe a deep sigh of satisfaction, secure in the knowledge that we need not — as J. Dobart, the great Latin poet wrote in his *Virtues Sui Gloria* in 1697 —

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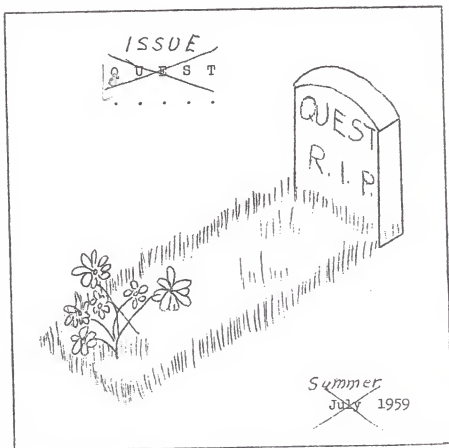
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Summer 1959



OCT -6 1959

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Autumn 1959

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
CANADIAN
MOUNTED
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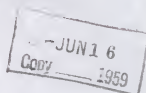
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❧ STEPPING STONES ❧

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.....May 1959

Verse from the Hub...Editor Amabel L. Bolt
74 Stone Road, Belmont 78, Massachusetts

LOST DESIRE (Building Boom)



A misty tree,
Like a rose-spun cloud,
Has been laid to earth,
Amid hammering loud.

I always wanted
To touch the sky
And with finger-tips
Brush a cloud sailing by...

The same as I long
When in a canoe,
To trail my fingers,
Let rivers run through.

But more, I felt like
Touching a cloud,
Of apple blossoms
Like these, once proud.

But I never wanted,
Nor it, nor a star,
Brought low to earth
Where mortals... MA!

* * *

NOTE ABOUT BIRDS

Narrow rooms are not for birds,
Think of wideness in their living,
Think of singing in their grieving..
False notes from them are not heard,
We may learn from any bird,
Trees and we, are more, not less,
For their lyric loveliness,

THE HIGHEST ART

How can I foil this
weariness,
And lay strength on my
heart, that shouts?
Look to the Fountain head
of Power...
Prayer plays a part
in, any hour!

QUOTES

"Trust your hopes and not your fears." -Anon
"Don't let the thermometer be your boss." -The Local Agent
"Great thoughts reduced to practice, become great acts." -W.H.

From the Hub wishes come for a
Happy Spring, to all our members!
Amabel L. Bolt

MAY 12 1960

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Sunshine Notes #151

From The Sunshine State

Vol.1

De Land, Florida

April 1960

No.3

UNBELIEVABLE?

THREE of Florida's twenty citrus growing counties produce 60% of the entire U. S. crop. In reality, citrus production is limited to parts of four states—Texas, California, Arizona, and Florida. The areas within these states is very limited because of weather and soil conditions. In California the citrus area is being rapidly reduced because of the building of homes in the best areas around Los Angeles. Of Florida's 99 counties, only 20 produce citrus in commercial quantities, and 3 of these produce 60% of the nation's crop. In order of rank these are: Polk, Lake, and Orange. De Land is in Volusia County, one of the twenty. The remaining good suitable land is being rapidly planted. One company is planting 2000 acres in the Indian River area.

Until recently Florida lemons were too large and the rind too thin to ship. Now they are being planted on a large scale for frozen concentrate. The lemons on my little tree are the size of oranges. They are also a little less sour than California lemons. One lemon makes almost a cup of juice.

#152

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Sunshine Notes

From The Sunshine State

Vol.1 No.4

DeLand, Florida

December, 1960

LITTLE THINGS

The Heart that loves the little things

Is full of deep content;

The life that serves the little things

Is often nobly spent.

So do not be despising

The day of little things;

For bees as well as angels

Can boast a pair of wings.

—Anita Kirksey

Miami 44, Florida

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#153

SUNBEAM AMATEUR

FALL 1960

COPY 1960

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

MANY OF the present day members have often asked the question; when was the exact time and place where the United Amateur Press Association came into existence? It was September 2, 1895 and the place was Philadelphia, Pa., the originator was William Greenfield. At that time there were many young boys who possessed small hand presses and more or less ample supply of printing material. These energetic youngsters had ambition to become publishers of magazines. Some of them were members of various boys' clubs and naturally they catered to belonging to a journalistic organization also. The only nation wide press association in existence about that time was the present day National Ama-

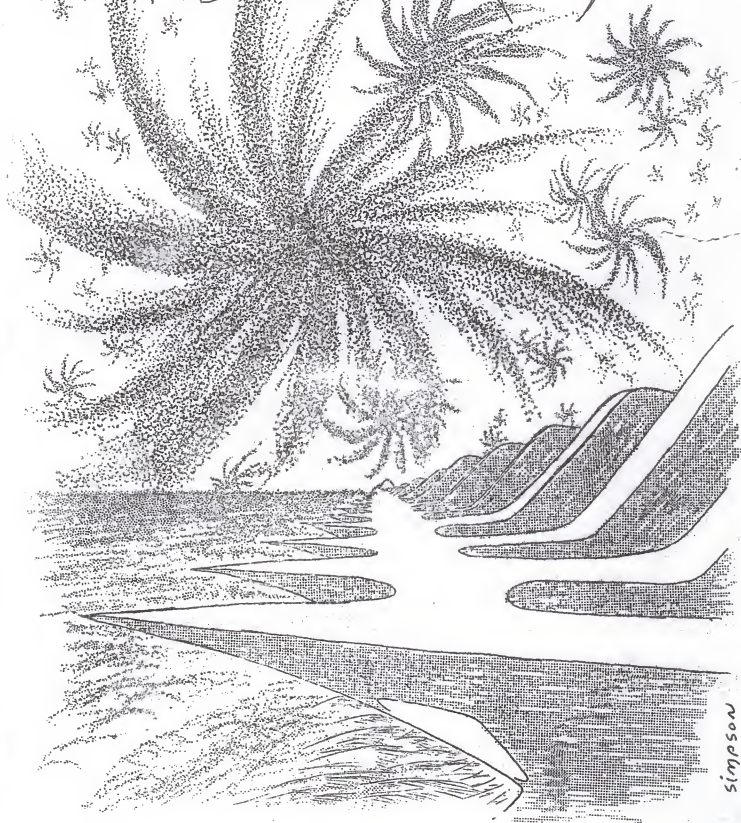
teur Press Association, whose members considered the embryo boy, would-be-amateur journals as not in their category. because these youngsters hoped to make their journalistic adventure pay some of the expenses by inserting a small number of ads in his publication. Now the National did not desire these semi-pro editors as members, so they frowned upon them. Willie Greenfield envisioned an open field for another amateur press association to enroll these youngsters, so he put into effect his idea and formed the new club that he named The United Amateur Press Association and he applied to the Golden Days Club for a charter. This club was sponsored by *Golden Days*, a weekly boys publication, published in

OCT 21 1960

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SPECIAL M



simpson

I See, I Hear, I Know

#155

Harriet Nicholson

I see God in the beauty of a rose,
Within the petals of each flower that grows,
Amid the grandeur of a towering tree,
A tiny shrub. God's loving face I see!

I hear God in the laughter of a child,
A bird's soft coo, the ocean calm or wild;
In every gentle breeze or storm severe,
The all-inspiring voice of God I hear.

I know God, midst the deepest, darkest night
When human help has vanished from my sight;
In far-off lands, wherever I may go.
My God is there -- I see, I hear, I know!

*My Prayer*

Harriet Nicholson

Watch thou, dear Lord, on those I love
tonight,
Free them from sin, perfect them in Thy
sight.
Heal each sad heart and hold it to Thy
breast;
Within Thy loving arms, let them find
rest!

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Seattle Amateur #156

Vol. 58

May, 1961

No 4

The Ancient Notion Reaffirmed

LONG AGO and far away, there were men who were known as the Magi, more commonly called the Wisemen, who believed in the heavenly bodies. Their studies came under a divided heading, to wit, natural and judicial astrology.

They were hailed in their day as seers, though more properly they were mystics; men gifted with spiritual insights. The major part of their life was in training to grapple with ultimate or existential problems.

In the West, many believed in them as those of intellectual eminence such as Schopenhauer and Emerson, who held that astromancy held a good measure of truth.

Today, more and more people regard these mystics as visionaries and some toss off the cliché, "That's for the birds." Such an attitude is self-condemning, lacking in maturity, and furthermore, it is a dangerous attitude.

Many extroverts and materialists won't like this, but their 'Roman holiday' is drawing to a close. Civilization is not nurtured on sports, comics or cars. The future calls for profounder efforts. Science turns today to look at the ancient world.

—Howard Lakey

X-PN4827
MAR 6 1961

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Seattle Amateur



Vol. 58

April, 1961

No 3

#157

Popped Population

POPULATION explosion may soon prove worse than an atomic explosion as a means of extinguishing the human race. The world should only produce the best quality of humanity. Every person has the right to be well born and surrounded by culture. We just cannot let brainless nature take its idle course.

As the Cold War gets colder the population explosion gets hotter. Crowded poor nations result in dictators. Therefore the population pressure must be eased, not by more dictation but by suggestion and education.

Whence comes our safety valve? What can the people do? The only solution is to Think. This alone can start to ease up the population pressure. People today only think Nationally. In the Orient we say stop the Hindoo, the Chinese, the Japanese and such from breeding like rabbits. But excessive birth rate now applies to all countries.

Soon the United States will have 200 million people and most of them will live in cities. Birth control is definitely a world problem. All the world must get together and think about it and they are forced to do something about it. The only hope of peace on earth is control. We need a United World. A popped population can lead to a zero population.

—Edwin Whiting

X-PN4827
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#158

Seattle Amateur

Vol. 58

January, 1961

No. 1

WORD COINAGE

FOR MANY YEARS our language has been enriched or debased, according to one's personal opinion, by the coinage of new words. Some of these are the jargon of teenagers. These endure for a time, but usually fall into discard or become so dated that they are no longer apropos. Some or silly or unlovely; consider, for example, toodle-oo for the beautiful goodbye. . . . God be with ye.

The present trend is to use the coined word "ad nauseam." "Togetherness" is currently in as high favor as "stick-to-itiveness" was before work attitudes changed.

Some colorful and especially graphic words remain in use and have become a permanent part of our every day Americanisms. Such words as "honkey-tonk," "battle-axe," "racketeer," or "pixilated" are descriptive and inoffensive to many.

However, when it comes to minting them fresh and shining our government agencies hold the gilded cup. An editorial from the "Memphis Commercial Appeal" listed some real squirrely ones. How about the Air Forces' "encrypted" which probably means something put in code? The Army's "definitize" and "undefinitize" probably mean "finalize" and its antonym. But it remained for those in charge of foreign aid to give us

(Continued on Back Page)

X-PN4827

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5-DEC-1

Sunshine Notes

From The Sunshine State

Vol.2 No.2 DeLand, Florida October, 1961

SILVER SPRINGS

*The lordly Alps boasts of its heights
All clad in robes of purest snow;
Fair Florida its balmy nights
Where stars shine in the depths below
The mirrored surface of a spring
Its crystal depth--so blue and clear
That many fathoms seem so near,
Swimming fishes, like silver gleam--
And many a streamlet awakes
On its way to join the lakes.*

--Anita Roberta Kirksey

SYCAMORE

5 - DEC - 1

X-PN#2

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#160

Published now and then, as time and finances permit, for the United Amateur Press Association, by Sophie S. Walbert
R. D. #1, Box 145, Quakertown, Pennsylvania.

This issue of SYCAMORE is published with the financial co-operation of Harriet Eleanor Williams whose poem appears on the other side of this sheet.

The editor of SYCAMORE was delighted to receive the poem written by a poet whose work we have long admired, dedicated to this editor.

SYCAMORE MOSAIC
(for Sophie S. Walbert)

Tree, dressed
In a satyr's skin,
Flaunt your
Beauties to the skies
But bend
To kiss the wind.

Root fingers,
Dig far down
Into the earth.
Grip vein
Of granite
And to strength
Give birth.

Creativity
Bursts all bounds,
Is always free;
So is sycamore;
It casts away
Its useless hide,
Stands free
And unadorned
By river bank
Deep in its own debris
In all its glorious pride.

Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.

Those who receive the Bundle of the UAPA will be pleased to know that a recently-enrolled member of the Association, the poet who composed the poem above, Frank Ankenbrand, Jr., has recently received high honors from the State College of Glassboro, New Jersey, for his work in poetry, and for teaching poetry and the arts. This poet is a well-known artist, and has lately held several exhibitions of his Art work. The specimens of his work in Japanese form are especially appealing. This poet is also an authority on Japanese forms of verse.

"Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast."

William Cullen Bryant

X-PN4827
JUN 28 1962

SEATTLE AMATEUR

Doubt is the beginning of Wisdom

Volume 59

SEATTLE, WASH., MAY 1962

Number 1



STRATIFIED HUMANITY

IN PAST ages segments of humanity moved as a unit. There was the unit of the family and the community. A particular family gained an individual flavor and became known for this distinction. Communities revealed particular traits and became famous for them; distinctive dialects were developed and often a man's speech betrayed his residence. Families were centered and clung together, for protection and assistance, but also for enjoyment and social activity. In community life the old and the young mingled in harmony and good fellowship.

Modern life has changed all of this and segments of humanity have be-

come stratified. We find the segment known as the Teenager set apart and considered as a separate entity. Considering the disrepute into which this identification has fallen, it must be a joy to any young person to emerge into the twenty age bracket.

Then there are the Senior Citizens; they are becoming more and more a particular and peculiar strata. It has been said that all the Senior Citizen desires is to be left alone. However, he is studied, analyzed, dissected and scrutinized collectively and individually. His sunset years must be directed and arranged for him and he must be put into a particular niche of civilization. NONA D. SPATH.

YOUR LIBRARY

THE American people should appreciate the wonderful free libraries in our land. Seattle is blessed with an ultra modern main library and many great branches. Over a million volumes are at hand and a card index plan that gives you immediate location. All worthwhile magazines are found in the large racks—Life, Post, Time, Vogue, Harpers, Holiday, Look, Saturday Review—who of us can afford to purchase all these and more journals? Especially do I enjoy the foreign magazines—Mac Leans of Canada that tells the frank truth about Americans. It comes out every week and its ideas

are well worth while. The British papers are of a scholarly nature and ours are more sensational. In the main library a whole room is devoted to USA newspapers. After you view this tremendous collection you wonder if everybody is an author. But the American public does not greatly appreciate this golden harvest of books. The main interest of our young folks is in twist and twirl, baseball and football, TV westerns and comedies. Eventually we will grow up and literature and art will come into her own. Lincoln only had a few good books but he carefully read them all. C. N.

SYCAMORE

#162

Published now and then, as time and finances permit, for the United Amateur Press Association, by Sophie S. Walbert, at Quakertown, R. D. #4, Box 145, Pennsylvania.

We are justified in claiming that the Amateur Press is a Free Press only in so far as it is free of intolerance, free of political and religious bias.

As an ordinary member of UAPA, not serving in any office, and without official sanction of any kind, I hope to be able to voice my opinions concerning the Amateur Press movement. In the UAPA, members are of various talents, and of various degrees of ability in giving voice to those talents. We all take part in the life around us, and through associations like the UAPA, in the life of the entire country.

I should like to see more papers in the Bundle. We have in UAPA several religious papers of merit, adequately expressing the views of those who work in that field. SYCAMORE can add nothing of worth to what the editor-publishers of these papers have to say, so we shall not attempt to compete with them.

Publishing a paper for the Bundle runs into money! Since all publishing is done at the expense of the publishers, we presume that these papers are published because the editors think they can say better in papers of their own what they feel impelled to say. The publisher not only has to pay all expenses of publishing his paper, but also has to pay the postage for mailing the required number of copies to the Mailing Bureau. If the post office of the publisher is far distant from that of the Mailing Bureau, the amount of this postage is considerable.

The UAPA is fortunate in having a Secretary who will publish, at a nominal cost, the material of writers who have no paper of their own. Otherwise these authors would have to wait to have their stuff published until some editor-publisher deemed the author's material suitable for his paper.

The Amateur Press has a great opportunity before it! A great many "little" magazines are "folding up" on account of lack of financial support. For the same reason, the number of "paying" markets is dwindling. The Amateur Press is needed now more than ever! It is needed to keep free, uncommercialized thought flowing; needed to stimulate talent; to provide an outlet for talents that otherwise would be buried under a money-conscious economy. The Amateur Press is needed to preserve the culture of the United States!

In a recent paper included in the Bundle, but published for another association, the editor advocated raising the price of admission to amateur press associations several times the present charge. He would have the associations pay all mailing charges to and from the Mailing Bureau. To this latter, we can agree, but the first proposition would, we think, tend to divide the associations into two classes, namely, those who can afford to publish a paper, and those who have nothing but their time and talents to give to the Amateur Press.

Can we not meet the mailing costs some other way? Is it too much to ask that all non-publishers who want to have their material included in the Bundle, make a contribution, however small it may be, to a general Mailing Fund?

We have had some fine poems in the Bundle. I do not mention Prose especially, although prose-writing is closer to my heart, because most of our papers are so small that a prose-writer cannot say much unless he publishes a paper of his own. All the more honor to those who have produced the little gems of Prose in the Bundle!

(turn over)

X-PN 4827

VERSE

PROSE

I
I
I
SEE
THE
SPIRES
RISING
HIGHER,
LIVING
TOWERS!
BEAUTY
SPREAD
AROUND
ALMOST
LAVISH;
LITTLE
LIGHTS
BRIGHTS,
NIGHTS,
ALWAYS.
HE WILL ADD
HIS BLESSING
TO ALL THOSE
WHO PUT THEIR
TRUST WITH HIM
YES, TODAY, AND
FOR EVER MORE.
BELIEVE IN HIS
PRECIOUS
WORD.

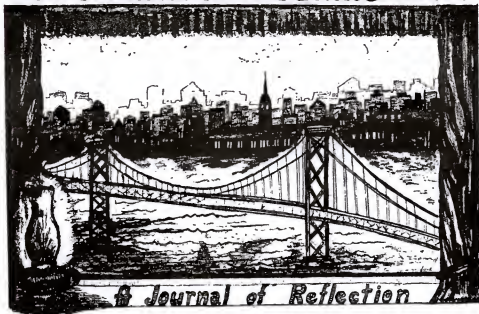
The Chrysler Building, N. Y.
Dedicated to the members of the UAPA,
Convention Sept. 2-3-4-5, Hotel Empire, N. Y. City,
S. J. S.

A CONVICT'S PRAYER

Lord, grant me that long-awaited parole,
 Deliver me from this lonely old hole,
 Take me away from these stones and bars,
 Help me to forget life's deepest scars;
 Truly, I broke Thy law and the laws of man,
 But I promise, my Lord, I'll ne'er do it again,
 Just give me the chance I'm asking tonight,
 I'll serve Thee henceforth, with all my might;
 Forgive me, Lord, as here I kneel,
 It was I that brought me this ordeal,
 No consolation have I, in knowing my fall
 Was caused by the Devil and his alcohol;
 I'm waiting, Lord, like a little child
 Waiting for Christmas all the while,
 For Santa Claus with his jovial smile
 With brand-new gifts of assorted style;
 For Easter and its bunnies and eggs,
 Like a cripple wishing for diseaseless legs,
 Like a dying man waiting the final hour,
 Like a coal-drenched miner craving a shower;
 Perhaps I didn't get a square deal,
 It doesn't matter, Lord, no ill I feel,
 Toward those, who did their duty best,
 It was I, Lord, I, who failed the test;
 Many others, in the past, have served less years
 For a similar crime, atoned with tears,
 But I thank Thee, Lord, for sparing me, though,
 May I love Thee with my all wherever I go;
 Faithfully, I trust Thou won't let me down,
 How I yearn to return to the old home town,
 To Mother and Dad, and brother and sis,
 To a life of freedom and of mental bliss;
 Lord, deliver me from sin again as long as I live,
 From filth and corruption and failure to give,
 From fornication, dishonesty, or ignoring Thee,
 From coveting others' goods through thought and deed;
 From murder, theft, from dishonoring parents, dear,
 From failure to observe Thy Sabbath so clear;
 From falsehood, bribery, and all that dwells
 In the minds of the Devil's angels doomed for Hell;
 Lord, bless the parole board with all Thy might,
 Tell them that I vow, henceforth, to do right,
 If they'll just give me one more chance,
 My life and character, behavior to enhance;
 Bless the warden, who has proved his noble worth,
 Bless his family, as they dwell upon Thine earth,
 Bless the others, whether friendly or unkindly appear,
 Let them see goodness in me, whenever we're near;
 I believe Thou wilt grant my wish, Lord, Friend,
 To serve Thee to life's appointed end,
 I'll love Thee and all of my fellowmen,
 For Thee and them, I'll serve no end;
 Lord, give me strength to keep each vow,
 To Thee, my God, beginning as of now.

—Joseph A. Saracini.

SAN FRANCISCO EVENING LAMP



Number 10

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

December

The Flaming Torch

Hold high the torch of truth against the day
 When thunder-tipped it blazes through the sky.
 Undead, unsung our heroes testify
 The judas-traitor cannot still betray.
 The dreams which men men dare not to disobey
 Are brilliant rainbow auras, and thereby
 Light up the path along this mortal way
 And mold it in the heart with flaming dye.

The rule of steel and scabbard cannot long
 Endure, or dare enlightenment of the mind
 To win through endless mire. The righteous throng
 Must storm the barricade with Truth enshrined.
 Hold high the torch and search among the strong;
 It is not veiled, nor is it hard to find.

Velta (UAPA)